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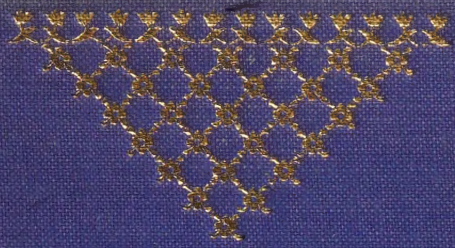

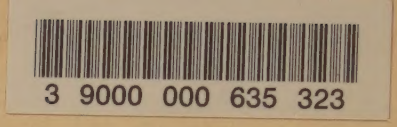
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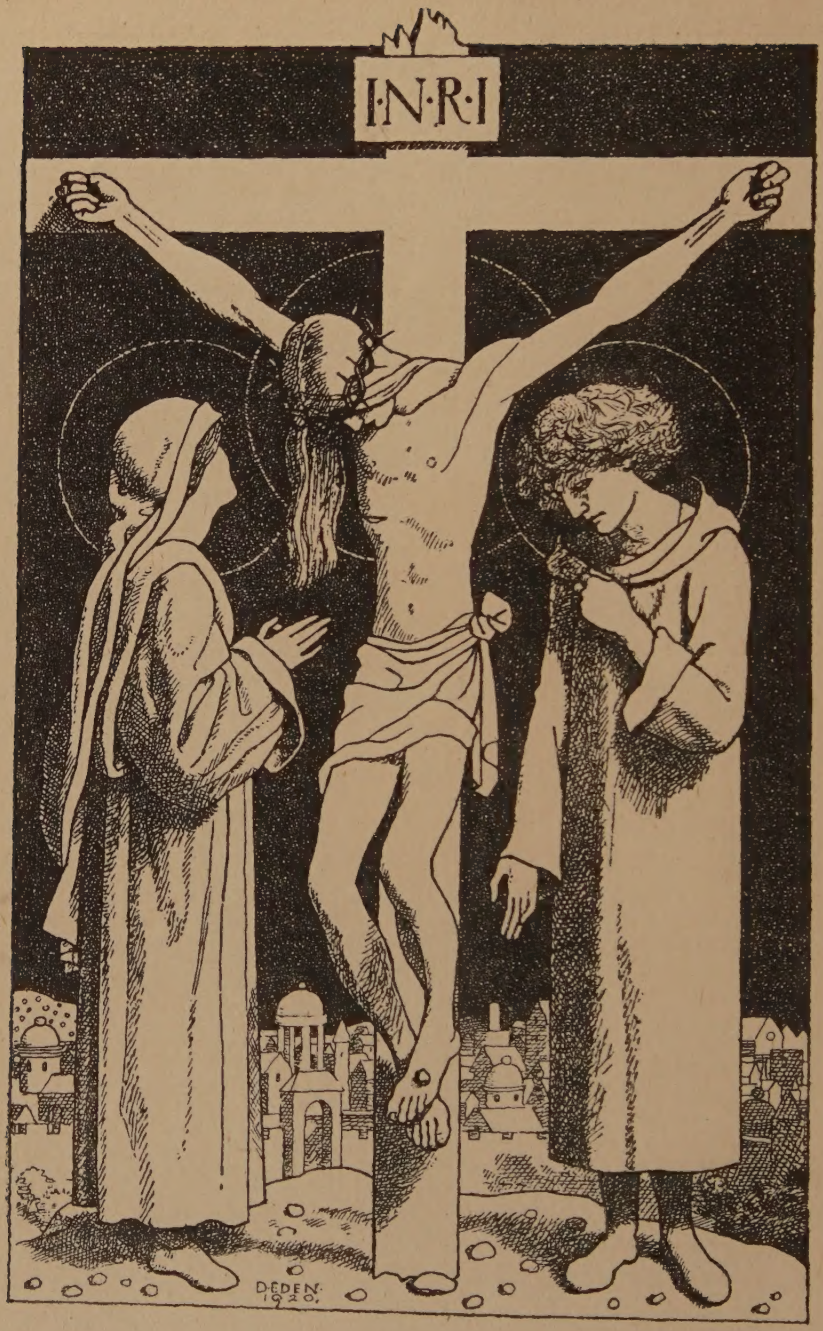
# A STRING OF SAPPHIRES

By Helen Parry Eden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# A STRING OF SAPPHIRES

## Being Mysteries of the Life and Death of Our BLESSED LORD & SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST

Put into English Rhyme for the Young and Simple by

HELEN PARRY EDEN, Tertiary of the Servants of Mary

LONDON
BURNS OATES AND WASHBOURNE LIMITED
28 ORCHARD STREET 8-10 PATERNOSTER ROW
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To

*THE REV. FATHER ALPHONSUS MARIA BENETTI, O.S.M.*
*Prior of Begbroke*

TO WHOM THE BETTER PART OF THIS BOOK
BELONGS ALREADY
I OFFER THE WORSE WHICH IS ALL MY OWN

NIHIL OBSTAT: HENRICUS DAVIES, S.J., Censor Deputatus.
IMPRIMATUR: EDM. CAN. SURMONT, Vicarius Generalis.

Westmonasterii, *die* 18 *Novembris*, 1920.

# Preface

AVE ✠ MARIA

In this world there are, and always will be, four classes of people. The first, and largest, class consists of those who do foolish things badly; the second and third classes (which cancel each other out with mathematical exactitude) consist of those who do foolish things well and of those who do wise things badly; and the fourth and last class (which is very small indeed) consists of those who do wise things well. Most Catholics (it is on the whole a comfort to reflect) belong to the third class—that is, we are well-principled but inartistic; art being, as St. Thomas says, neither more nor less than the right way of doing things. However, as long as we have a virtual monopoly of the last class (which is worth all the rest put together) we can afford to be hopeful, if not complacent. Our course is clear. We must work as hard as we can to get rid of the two lower classes altogether, and to raise ourselves and all the household of the Faith into the highest class of all.

Once upon a time there was a monk called Corman. He was, says Lingard, "of a morose and rigid disposition." He tried his hand at converting Northumbria in 635, and came back to his monastery on Iona to grumble at the hard hearts of the Northumbrians. "Was it their stubbornness or your harshness?" said a fellow-monk of the name of Aidan. "Did you forget to give the milk first and the meat afterwards?"

The whole art of rearing souls to a noble maturity lies, humanly speaking, in that Grand Remonstrance. Only in the Catholic Church are the milk and meat to be found in all their purity and strength: the rest of the world has to put up with mockeries and makeshifts. Yet even among Catholics, how many grown men and women are living on spiritual slops; and how many children are bolting underdone or overdone beef and mutton! The last state of things is certainly better than the first. It is a fine matter to forgo the children's milk for the strong meat of the perfect, even if it upsets you a little at the beginning. Moreover, the solid fare set before the Catholic child is a standing protest against the intellectual queasiness of the modern man, who has fallen into the habit of letting his first childhood go on so long that it slides almost imperceptibly into his second without an interval for maturity.

Now if there is one thing the Victorian parent manœuvred to admiration, it was the child's first meals in the dining-room. Ruskin's "Præterita" babblings of the "fine preparation" of his food, which he "esteemed one of the main blessings of his childhood," had its intellectual counterpart in his and every Victorian's reminiscences. In those days the child came down betimes to the dining-room, his meat was cut up small, and he learnt

to handle a knife and fork with his elders and betters. In these days, the elders and betters go up to the nursery and learn to blow bubbles in their milk with the children. The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up has replaced the Infant Macaulay with his Compendium of Universal History; and I am not at all sure that the nursery enjoys the topsy-turviness half as much as the dining-room. Relics of Victorian conviviality are still dearer than their new-fangled rivals. In fact, it is because my own didactic nursery books are dropping to pieces in the service of Catholic children (my own and other people's) that I have tried my wholly unskilled hand at something of the sort myself. No one else seems to have gone far on such a quest, save that paladin of Catholic letters Monsignor Benson, whose " Child's Rule of Life " is, to my mind, by far the best thing he has done. But even that is only a horn-book; and we cannot stay at A B C for ever.

What books we were brought up on, we Victorian children, books for which I myself have to thank (as I hereby do, most unfeignedly) the best of fathers and mothers ! " Sandford and Merton " and its American offspring " Rollo " (sent for, to my great self-consequence, across the Atlantic); Lamb's " Tales from Shakespeare," " Hereward the Wake," " Unknown to History," " The Peasant and the Prince," all more or less inspired travesties of grown-up fare ! Then, year after year, Andrew Lang's inimitable output of chivalry and folklore ! And finally, that perfect child's book, Joseph Jacob's " English Fairy Tales " and its Celtic and Indian successors ! On the plan of this last, I have modelled, as far as it has a model, my own book. The preface and notes are for the old and sophisticated, the story for the young and simple; and the former can hand on to the latter what they think fit of the erudition at the end. The only difference in handling between my book and the " English Fairy Tales " lies in my use of rhyme.

Rhyme is used for the sake of memory. One of the world's curious objections to our teaching children the things of God is that we are teaching them what they cannot understand. This is, on the face of it, quite true; but it is even more trivial than it is true. No one understands much of God. Children understand very little of anything; though they show a natural aptitude, like all unspoilt people, for Christianity. But the chief aim of education is to train the will to make heroic choices; which means, in the end, to choose the things of God and not the things of the world. Here children make up in one way what they lack in another, for children are trained mainly through memory, men mainly through understanding. " It is a great mistake," said Arnold of Rugby, " to think that children should understand all they learn; for God has ordained that in youth the memory should act vigorously, independent of the understanding, whereas a man cannot usually recollect a thing unless he understands it."

# Preface : *continued*

One of the best ways of helping memory, says St. Thomas (the notion is Cicero's, but it is quoted in the " Summa " under *Prudentia*), is to arouse wonder by linking the idea to be remembered to something out-of-the-way. The unwonted arouses wonder, and by wonder a thing is more intimately and passionately kept in mind. A child wonders (says St. Thomas) more than a grown-up man. Therefore a child remembers better.

Now rhythm, rhyme, alliteration—all the stock-in-trade of the ballad-singer—are meant to awake new wonder over a twice-told tale. They are not, as some think nowadays, the camp-followers of inspiration. They are its reinforcements. Their presence does not of itself constitute poetry. Heaven forfend ! " The works of Herodotus might be versified," says Aristotle, " and be a kind of history when in metre as much as when without metre." In such a case, as in this book of mine, rhythm, rhyme, and alliteration are merely aids to memory. But he who aids memory aids one of the three powers of the soul; and he who aids a child's memory of divine things fortifies an outpost of the City of God.

To that City, " the most glorious society and celestial city of God's faithful," I owe all my happiness and avow my unfaltering allegiance and submission.

HELEN PARRY EDEN.

*On the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady,* 1920.

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# The Prologue

"O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold, I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires."

*Isaias liv. 11.*

# PROLOGUE

BLACKBERRIES *on the highest boughs,*
*Books on the highest shelves,*
*Somebody else must reach you down*
*Things which, although they are your own,*
*You cannot reach yourselves.*

*So, like a mother, Holy Church*
*Gives out of Her high hoard*
*To us, Her children, all and each,*
*What giants on tip-toe cannot reach—*
*The Truth about Our Lord.*

*Not only Truth for Her set down,*
*When first Her task began,*
*By Mark and Matthew, Luke and John,*
*But what is called* Tradition—
*That is, true stories handed on*
*From mouth of man to man.*

*She stores the sayings of the Saints*
*Who studied every deed*
*And detail of the Life Divine,*
*As in his cave in Palestine*
*St. Jerome, and by English Tyne*
*The Venerable Bede.*

*St. Thomas of Aquino*
*Their knotty thoughts untied,*
*And threaded all their pearls again,*
*And wrought the Church the richest chain*
*She wears as Our Lord's Bride;*
*For even as Eve is Adam's wife,*
*Part of himself, the Church's life*
*Starts at Our Saviour's side.*

*And every lovely word is Hers,*
*From* Ave *to* Amen*;*
*She teaches when a baby looks*
*At Our Lord's Face in picture-books*
*And knows His Name; and when*
*At High Mass the Subdeacon's brow*
*Bears up the Great Book's load;*
*And boys with lighted candles go,*
*And all the people rise a-row,*
*And the Deacon stands in the candle-glow*
*Chanting the Word of God.*

# The Argument

"Say to the fainthearted: Take courage and do not fear: behold, your God will bring the revenge of recompense; God himself will come and save you."

*Isaias xxxv. 4.*

# THE ARGUMENT

IN love begins, in love goes on,
God's everlasting plan;
For us His Paradise was meant,
And had we stayed obedient,
He had not needed to have sent
His Son to earth as Man.

But when the Devil with false words,
Adam and Eve enticed
To break the only order given,
When earth was lost, God promised Heaven;
And then and there we were forgiven,
Through Our Lord Jesus Christ.

As God and Man, Our Lord makes up
For all the good we lack;
He dwelt on earth to found and prove
Our Faith; He came from Heaven above
To give us Hope; He shows us Love
That we may love Him back.

He came in human life and limb
To lead us all aright;
No man we saw was fit to guide
And God was out of sight;
Till God was Man, and on His world
Shone with a double light.

And sinful Adam's fallen form
He dignified afresh;
" O Christian," says St. Leo, " know
What awe and reverence you owe
The guise in which He deigned to go
Who was the Word made Flesh !"

His coming paid the price of sin
That mounted from our fall;
No man could quit that dreadful debt,
Nor was it fair to call
God to defray what Man should pay,
So God-made-Man paid all.

In power He made Himself so weak,
In majesty became so meek,
He showed the way we sought and seek,
He came, and guilt was gone;
Need upon need there was that He
Should die as Man on Calvary
And rise as God, but these will be
Enough to bless for you and me
His Incarnation.

# I.

# Of the Annunciation of Our Blessed Lady

"For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, thy almighty word leapt down from heaven from thy royal throne."—*Wisdom xviii. 14, 15.*

BETWEEN the Sea of Galilee
And the Mediterranean tide
Lies Nazareth, and St. Jerome shows
(For he stayed there himself and knows)
How the town opens like a rose
Upon the mountain side.

In Nazareth, that shining place,
Was Our Lord's life begun;
For underneath the steep hill's brows,
Tucked in, there was a tiny house,
Where lived St. Joseph and His Spouse,
The Mother of God's Son.

In Nazareth, that bough of bliss,
Did Our Lord's life begin,
For here dwelt Mary, chosen by God,
Kept without stain of sin.

Upon the twenty-fifth of March,
When the dark grows less than the day,
Our Lady arose at clear midnight
Alone by herself to pray

That Isaias' trust might yet come true,
And the prophet's words that run—
"From Jesse's stock a branch shall shoot,
And a flower arise from Jesse's root,
And a Maiden bear a Son."

Came the Archangel Gabriel,
Bodily, to behold.
His port was brave as Paradise;
His dress, a glittering device;
And his face, red gold.

" Hail, full of grace," said Gabriel;
" The Lord is with thee: blest
Beyond all other women thou."
O troubled, troubled, was her brow,
And strange his words; she knew not how
To take them for the best.

" Fear not, Mary," said Gabriel,
And told her God would send
To be her child His only Son,
And He should sit on David's throne,
And rule His folk till time was done,
And His realm should have no end.

And He should come as the shadow comes
That falls in a bright hour,
When the sun gleams out of the blue sky
Upon an ivory tower;
So Christ, our shade, in shape should be
The picture of her Purity
And the Holy Spirit's Power.

" Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"
Said Mary. " Be it done
To me according to thy word."
The messenger was gone,
And the Mother of the Son of God
Left by herself alone.

# II.

# Of the Visitation of Our Blessed Lady; and of the Birth of St. John the Baptist

"And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways."—*Luke i. 76.*

OTHER tidings was Mary told
By the angel's embassage:
How God, Who deals out birth and breath,
And holds the reins of life and death,
Would give her cousin, Elizabeth,
A child in her old age.

So blithe and hale, by hill and dale,
Four days Our Lady fared,
To wish her kinswoman joy and bring
Help to her in her housekeeping,
And to tell her about the coming King,
For the Faith is better shared.

Our Lady greeted Elizabeth first,
For that became her most;
But Elizabeth knew the Mother of God,
By grace of the Holy Ghost.

And, " Blest art thou among women,"
Again, like a harp's chord,
Came the heavenly words; she bowed her knee,
" And blest is the fruit of thy womb," said she—
And we use her speech in the *Hail Mary*
To the Mother of Our Lord.

But Our Lady sang *Magnificat*,
For, by God's grace, she knew
Not only the deeds that He had done
To win a way for His Blessed Son,
But the deeds He meant to do.

And all the past was before her,
And all before was past;
Her name was blest by king and clown,
And the mercy of God was on field and town,
And the poor raised up and the proud put down,
And the True Faith first and last.

Three months dwelt the cousins together
In the house in the hill country,
Till a son was born to Elizabeth
And her husband Zachary,
And that was St. John the Baptist,
The greatest of all the three.

Never was wistful waiting
More blissfully beguiled
Till the last of the prophets first drew breath,
But sore wept St. Elizabeth
When Our Lady went back to Nazareth
To wait for her own child.

## III.

# How Our Blessed Lord was born at Bethlehem

"Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just one: let the earth be opened and bud forth a saviour."—*Isaias xlv. 8.*

IN a great peace it came to pass,
When all the world was Rome's,
And no Jews ruled or kings made war,
Augustus (who was Emperor)
Bade all men leave their homes

And go to be taxed, each one to the town
Of his race's root and stem;
So St. Joseph came at the royal decree,
With the Mother of God, from Galilee
To the City of David, for he and she
Belonged to Bethlehem.

And from Bethlehem the King should come,
As the Prophet Micheas said;
A little town with limestone eaves,
And rows of vines and barley-sheaves,
Which means, "The House of Bread."

(But every church is Bethlehem
Where Mass is said at morn,
And all who receive His Body adored
Are far more dear to Our Blessed Lord
Than the town where He was born.)

At the big inn at Bethlehem
Merchants from Egypt lay,
All fast asleep and unconcerned,
While overhead the bright stars burned
Over the caravans returned
And the camels at their hay:
But the inn was full, and so they spurned
The Mother of God away.

And God was born in a stable—
The King in an ox's stall;
But His Mother stood as a lily stands
Blossoming, and her blissful hands
Bound up her Son in swaddling-bands
Who came to free us all.

She laid Him where the beasts fed
Who is our souls' Food,
And God was in a manger,
But His creatures understood,
And the ox and the ass paid homage,
As Isaias said they would.

No baby was so poorly born,
None was so poorly nursed,
And none so hidden away as He;
But O! that in our hearts might be,
Sweet out of sight, the Poverty
That the Son of God chose first.

# IV.

# How the Shepherds found the King of Israel

"You shall seek me and you shall find me: when you shall have sought me with all your heart."

*Jeremias xxix. 13.*

THERE stands a tower near Bethlehem
Beneath whose ancient wall
Home-coming Jacob pitched his tent,
And David in its pastures pent
His flock of sheep before he went
To play his harp to Saul.

And here were shepherds watching
Under the midnight skies—
Good simple Jews, content to graze
Their sheep and walk in Moses' ways,
Whom innocence made wise.

And the glory of God shone round them,
And a clear glow displayed
Shepherds and sheep and tower and croft,
And one great angel stood aloft,
And they were sore afraid.

"Fear not," said the angel (and again
It may be Gabriel spoke).
"Behold, I bring you news," said he,
"And tidings of great joy to be
To you and to all folk.

"To you in the City of David
A Saviour is born to-day;
In bands of baby-linen bound
In a manger shall the Child be found
To witness what I say."

Then a horde of the host of Heaven,
Who fought with the powers of ill,
Stood in sheer sky and sang for mirth:
"Glory to God, and peace on earth
To mortals of good-will."

Then the heavenly army vanished,
But the shepherds said each to each,
" Let us go to the city and find Him out,
And see this Word that is come about."
So they went in haste, for they did not doubt
The truth of the angel's speech.

There they found Joseph and Mary
And the Child, as they heard tell:
So the shepherds of Bethlehem bent their knees
Before the scribes and the Pharisees
To the King of Israel.

And the shepherds told Our Lady
How they came by their happy news;
And they went back home and with all their wit
They spoke of their lot that night, and lit
Wonder among the Jews.

But Our Lady kept all these sayings
In her heart as a sealed book,
Till, years and years from her hidden youth,
That you and I might know the truth,
She told them to St. Luke.

# V.

# Of the Coming of the Three Kings

"The flood of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Madian and Epha: all they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense; and showing forth praise to the Lord."—*Isaias lx. 6.*

WHEN Balaam stood upon a hill
And tried in Balac's eyes
To curse the Israelites in vain,
He blessed their tents upon the plain:
"For you," he cried, "a King shall reign
And a new Star arise."

Isaias, too, in later times,
Spoke of unheard-of things:
"Arise, Jerusalem! Behold!
Gentiles, with frankincense and gold,
And floods of camels!" Both foretold
The coming of the Kings.

And now from Persia to Palestine—
It seemed from the world's rim—
The three Kings came with their retinues;
"And where," said they, "is the King of the Jews?
For His star in the East has brought the news
And we come to worship Him."

And sore it seemed to King Herod
Such news to his court to bring,
For the Wise Men came to Jerusalem,
Where he himself was King,
And Herod was wroth and his people both
With their talk of worshipping.

But just as milestones name a town
They never stir to view,
The Scribes babbled of Bethlehem
And gave the Kings their clue;
And Herod craftily bade them try
To find the Child of the prophecy,
"And return and tell me," he said, "for I
Will come and worship too."

Then the Three Kings left Herod,
And the star, which, as in reproof,
Had hid itself from Jerusalem
And the faithless Jews, came back for them
And shone in the skies aloof.
By day and by night it kept in sight,
Till it stopped on the stable roof.

How joyful then were the Three Wise Men
Of the star that could not err,
For they went in the stable and there was He,
The Child of their quest, on His Mother's knee,
And they worshipped, unwrapping Him presents three:
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

(Three fit gifts had Our Blessed Lord
When His life on earth began—
Gold for a King, incense for God,
Myrrh for a mortal man.)

But the Magi, it seems, by God in dreams
Were warned of Herod's ire,
For they went back home another way
(In ships of Tharsis, some folk say)
And Herod harried the harmless bay
And burnt the ships with fire.

And the story ends in the kind old books
(But these are doubtful things)
That when to the East St. Thomas came,
Christening Persians in God's name,
He christened the Three Kings.

# VI.

# Of the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple; and of the Prophecy of Simeon

"Call me not beautiful, but rather call me bitter, for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness."—*Ruth i. 20.*

NOW a candlestick lit the Temple,
Seven lilies unfurled;
A talent of gold had gone to the moulding
Of the seven lamps and the leaves unfolding,
And it meant that Our Lady would come there, holding
Our Lord, the Light of the World.

(For God had willed that His Mother should bow
To the Law that His birth released;
And the firstborn was given of old to Heaven
And bought back from the priest.)

So side by side with St. Joseph
The Temple court she trod,
And the offering of the very poor,
Two pigeons, or two doves, she bore
As well as the Lamb of God.

Came an old man to the Temple
With the Holy Ghost to guide,
Simeon was his name, and he
Had set his heart on the King to be,
So God had promised him he should see
His Christ before he died.

He stretched out his arms to hold Him,
Nor could God's Mother refuse,
And Simeon blessed Him and held Him fast—
The Child foretold in the far-off past
For a Light to the Gentiles first, and last
For a Glory to the Jews.

He blessed Our Lady and her Spouse,
Then changed his simple tone,
And spoke of things hidden from scribes and scholars,
And so the first of her Seven Dolours
Was told to her alone.

" O, some there be shall fall," said he,
" And some there be shall rise,
All for the sake of this thy Son,
For He shall be set till time is done
For a sign the world denies;

" And the hidden thoughts of a hundred hearts
Shall openly be shown,
But before these things shall come about,
And the soul of man know faith and doubt,
A sword shall pierce thine own."

Such were the sayings of Simeon,
And they came to pass, each one:
For folk there be that face the Faith
And folk that turn and run;
But though the Light make weak eyes wink,
And sore eyes ache, we do not think
That it is not the Sun.

And sevenfold smart Our Lady's heart
Got from that grievous sword:
But most when she stood beneath the Tree,
The Sorrowful Mother of you and me,
And remembered His blithe Nativity
In the Passion of Our Lord.

# VII.

# How King Herod slew the Holy Innocents; and how Jesus, Joseph, and Mary fled to Egypt and came back to Nazareth

"And out of Egypt have I called my son."—*Osee xi. 1.*

THE Second Sword was swift to fall.
St. Joseph slept, and lo!
An angel said, "Arise and flee,
And take the Child and His Mother with thee
To Egypt, and stay there all three
Until I bid thee go.

"For Herod seeks to kill the Child."
So Joseph rose forthright,
And roused Our Lady and Our Lord
And they set out that night
Towards the great desert in the dark
To start their long, long flight.

Now King Nabuchodonosor
Had dreamt in Daniel's day
Of a false god with a golden head,
And feet of iron and clay;
And how from a mountain came a stone,
Hewn without hands, and hurled it down
And filled the world, while the god was blown
Like summer chaff away.

So fell the idols of Egypt,
As in old books appears,
For Our Lord went to Egypt first,
Of all lands wickedest and worst,
That He might bless where Moses cursed,
And He stopped there seven years.

But Herod the King bestirred him
To track the Magi down,
And loathed them, seeing himself beguiled,

And loathed still more Him Whom they styled
" King of the Jews," the little Child
Who came to take his crown.

Two years at least over the East
He heard their star had stood,
So he sent down to Bethlehem
And all that neighbourhood,
And babes but two years old that day,
And all the babies less than they,
He butchered in cold blood.

So Jeremias' words came true:
" There rose a sobbing sore,
Greeting and grieving far and wide,
Where Rachel for her children cried,
And wept and wept with tears undried
Because they were no more."

And this key to the prophecy
The saints put in our power:
Rachel was buried at Bethlehem
Beside the Shepherd's Tower;
And the Church is Rachel, once again,
Who mourns less for her martyrs slain,
Than tyrants doomed to pine and pain,
And hell at the last hour.

Now once again the angel
Stood by St. Joseph's bed,
And bade him hasten homewards,
For Herod the King was dead;
And Herod's counsellors shared his fall,
For dying he slew them, one and all,
" That the Jews might weep at his funeral
If they liked it or not," he said.

And Archelaus, Herod's son,
Reigned on his father's death;
But St. Joseph went as he was bid
To Galilee, and there he hid
Our Lady and Our Lord amid
The folk of Nazareth.

# VIII.

# How Our Blessed Lady lost the Son of God for Three Days; and how she found Him in the Temple

"I will rise and go about the city: in the streets and in the broad ways: I will seek him whom my soul loveth."—*The Canticle of Canticles iii. 2.*

WHEN the sun shone and snow was gone
And corn was in the blade,
The Jews flocked to Jerusalem,
Where a great Feast was made.

For in the springtide of the year
From Egypt they were led,
So seven days they kept the Pasch
And ate unleavened bread.

And Our Lord went at twelve years old,
But when the Feast was done
He stayed behind in Jerusalem
Unknown to anyone.

(Some say St. Joseph thought the Child
Was in His Mother's charge,
And Our Blessed Lady thought that He
Was in St. Joseph's company,
For the men and women went separately,
But the children ran at large.)

So joyously they journeyed,
But just as night set in
They stopped and found Him gone away,
And they sought Him vainly all next day
Among their kith and kin.

Then back to the Holy City
On the third day they won;
Endless the road was once so short,

Bitter those streets of blithe resort,
Until at last in the Temple court
Our Lady found her Son.

(And would that all, both great and small.
Might win their weary search;
For some that seek the God they lack
Go on and on in the wrong track,
But those who love Him best turn back
And find Him in His Church.)

Seated among the Doctors,
The sages old and wise,
He Who is Way and Life and Truth
Asked questions as beseemed His youth,
And pondered their replies.

The Doctors wondered at His words,
St. Joseph stood apart,
But Our Lady spoke as a mother would
With the Third Sword in her heart.

And, " What hast Thou done to us, my Son ?"
And, " Why hast Thou wrought this thing ?"
Was all her cry; " See, Thy father and I
Have sought Thee sorrowing."

" And wherefore did you seek Me so,
Knowing that I must be
About My Father's business ?"
Said Our Lord tenderly.

Then they went home to Nazareth,
And the Child, at their least nod,
Did what they bid from that day thence,
For He owed them all obedience
That was not due to God.

# IX.

# How St. John the Baptist foretold the Coming of the Christ; and how the Father and the Holy Ghost graced the Baptism of the Son

"Behold I send my angel, and he shall prepare the way before my face."—*Malachias iii. 1.*

NOW kings had gone and kings had come,
Augustus slumbered in his tomb,
Tiberius Caesar ruled in Rome,
And thirty years were fled,
When city Jews in street and square
By upland folk were made aware
Of the strange fate of Zachary's heir,
And this is what they said:
That to the desert he was gone
As a small child, this great St. John,
And now a man, what virtue shone
In the hard life he led!

Along the Jordan wandered he,
From Jericho to the Dead Sea;
He sought no kindly company,
Nor craved for goods and money;
His clothing was of camel's skin,
A harsh hair girdle girt him in,
And he himself was spare and thin
On locusts and wild honey.

Then all the Jewish people rose,
As from an idle dream,
And forth to greet the prophet went;
St. John first urged them to repent,
Then, for a sign of their intent
(But this was not a Sacrament),
Baptized them in the stream.

No grace was in his power to give,
He could not make a dead soul live
(As worse men, by God's might,
Do now), yet did his deeds afford
A lure to lead them to Our Lord,
And a more perfect rite;
So swift-winged swallows, to prepare
Their little ones to trust the air,
Start with an easy flight.

Yet the same priests who later on
Rated Our Lord so low
Praised Zachary's son, and out of pride,
" Thou art the promised Christ !" they cried,
" Elias, or some seer beside !"
But he said " No.

" I am one foretold to a former race,
The voice that cries in the desert place,
' Prepare a way ! For the King of Grace
Is at hand for one and all !'
And you like a brood of adders flee
From the wrath to come, but in vain to me
If your grief brings forth no fruit (said he),
For the axe is laid to the root of the tree,
And the barren tree shall fall.

" And even now," he added,
" One stands among the Jews
Born after me, but far more high.
He shall baptize you, not as I
Who am not worthy to untie
The latchet of His shoes."

Then came Our Lord to the Jordan
From His home in Galilee,
And bade St. John baptize Him too,
But the saint doubted what to do,
" For I," he said, " should come to You,
Why do You come to me ?"

Yet seeing He would fain fulfil
His law for us, John did His will,
And so the rite was given;

Then from the sundered sky above
The Holy Ghost came like a Dove
Upon the King of Heaven,
And " This is My beloved Son
In Whom I am well pleased," said One,
Out of the radiance riven.

But later, when the Church could boast
God's bidding to baptize,
And Christians went from coast to coast
With water and the Holy Ghost
Promising Paradise,
At each poor christening there shone
The Trinity that blessed St. John,
When the Son prayed by the water stirred,
And God the Father's voice was heard,
And the Holy Ghost came like a bird
Out of the open skies.

# X.

# How Our Blessed Lord was Tempted in the Desert

"And because thou wast acceptable to God, it was needful that temptation should prove thee."

*Tobias xii. 13.*

NOW barely was Our Lord baptized
Than all the trials of Hell
Were waiting to be undergone,
So straight He parted from St. John
To suffer the Temptation
That by God's Will befell.

Led by the Holy Spirit,
He left the beaten road
And went out into the wilderness
Where the wild beasts abode.

Now whether Our Lord was God or Man
The Devil was in doubt,
So he followed Him to the wilderness,
And watched Him to find out.

And forty days and forty nights—
The tenth of a year's span—
Christ fasted, and the Devil thought,
"He must be God;" but the fast brought
Hunger at last, so Satan sought
To tempt Him as a Man.

Even as he tempted Adam
He set his snares that hour,
For the whole might of the Devil's mesh
Lies in three strings—the lusts of the flesh,
Vainglory, and greed of power.

And he drew near. "Bid these stones be bread,"
He said, "if Thou art God's Son."
"Not by bread only," said Our Lord,
"Shall a man live, but by God's Word,
For so the Scriptures run."

Now Our Lord made use of Holy Writ
To foil the Devil's plan,
That you and I might do the same;
For not as God He overcame,
But merely as a Man.

But the fiend had searched the Scriptures too,
Only for evil ends;
Not to better himself thereby,
But to twist the words of the Most High
And use them against His friends.

And now on a peak of the Temple
That towered above the town
He set Our Lord to tempt His pride.
" If Thou art the Son of God," he cried,
" Cast Thyself headlong down.

" For thus it runneth in Holy Writ—
In the angels' charge Thou'rt put,
And in their hands they shall bear Thee up
Lest a stone should hurt Thy foot."

And, " Again it is written, ' Tempt not God,' "
Said Christ to the Prince of Hell.
(For who but the Devil would go about
A wicked deed with a wish devout
That God Almighty would help him out
With a useless miracle ?)

Then to the top of a high mountain
He took the King of Heaven;
And the Devil's snare was swift to spin,
For he showed the whole world swayed by sin,
And all the pomp and the power therein
He said to him were given.

" Fall down and worship me," he cried,
" And all, from rim to rim,
I give You freely for Your own."
But Our Lord said, " Satan, get thee gone,
It is written, ' Serve the Lord alone
And worship none but Him.' "

(Thrice fell Our Lord's speech soft as snow
And once hard as a rod,
But He did not chide till the Devil tried
To take the things of God.)

Then the Temptation was all done,
The angels flocked about God's Son,
The Devil fell behind
And left Him for a short while free,
But He came back to Gethsemane,
Where he tempted Him with misery
And hatred of mankind.

# XI.

# Of the First Calling of the Apostles; and how Simon became known as Peter, the Rock

"And a man shall be as one who is hid from the wind, who shrouds himself from the storm; as rivers of water in drought, and as the shadow of a rock that standeth out in a desert."—*Isaias xxxii. 2.*

AGAIN Our Lord sought out St. John
Beside the ripples curled
Of Jordan, and the word that wakes
All hearts was uttered for our sakes—
"Behold the Lamb of God, Who takes
Away the sins of the world."

Now two disciples of St. John,
Hearing him thus address
Our Lord, looked up (for many shun
The God of Glory, to be won
By the first glance of God the Son
In all His tenderness).

And straightway after Him they strode,
Nor yet His face turned He;
At last He looked, friendly and fair,
And asked, "What seek ye?" "Master, where
Dwellest Thou?" said the trustful pair.
He answered, "Come and see."

They came and saw where He abode
And lingered out the light
Hearing His lore, for though the sun
Even as they met was wellnigh gone,
To look and listen they stayed on,
Heedless of day and night.

Now of these two Andrew was one,
The second rests in doubt—

St. John the Evangelist, maybe,
Who tells the tale and seems to see
The things he writes about.

But Andrew sought out Simon,
His brother, and outpoured
The tidings of that eventide,
And, " We have found the Christ !" he cried,
And led him to Our Lord.

Then Jesus said, for well He knew
The Shepherd of His Flock,
" Thy name is Simon, Jona's son,
But thou shalt take another one—
' Peter,' that is, ' The Rock.' "

(These words, so simply spoken, light
God's mystery like a flame;
They bid us mark what Peter was,
And heed what he became,
Calling to mind what greatness fell
On Abraham and Israel,
Each given a new name.)

Then Philip of Bethsaida
Was summoned, and he sought
Learned Nathanael's side, " for we
Have found," he said, " the King to be,
Jesus of Nazareth is He
Of Whom the prophets taught."

Now search the Scriptures, and in them
You find it was in Bethlehem
The King should first draw breath;
And this Nathanael understood,
And so he said, " Can any good
Come out of Nazareth ?"

" Come and see," answered Philip
(For Christ could reconcile
Such odds, he knew, and set all right).
Now when Nathanael came in sight,
" See," said Our Lord, " an Israelite
In whom there is no guile."

" Whence knowest Thou me ?" said Nathanael.
Not swift to feign accord.
" Even before Philip's call compelled thee,
Under the fig-tree I beheld thee,"
Answered Our Lord.

" Master, Thou art the Son of God,
Thou art the King of kings !"
Conquered Nathanael cried; but He
Made answer, " Thou believest in Me
Because I saw thee under the tree;
Thou shalt see greater things.

" Amen, amen, I say the time
Shall come when thou shalt scan
The heavens ajar and angels wending
Their way, ascending and descending
Upon the Son of Man."

Providence Dun[illegible]
St. Mary-of-the-[illegible]
Indiana

# XII.

# Of the Marriage in Cana; and how the Son of God wrought His First Miracle to please His Mother

"And the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down upon his throne: and a throne was set for the king's mother, and she sat at his right hand. And she said to him: One small boon I ask of thee, do not put me to confusion. And the king said: Ask on, my mother, for I must not turn away thy face."—*III Kings ii. 19 and 20.*

NOW listen how Our Blessed Lord
His public life began,
How His first miracle was wrought
To prove that He Who preached and taught
Was God as well as Man.

And likewise of His grace to show
Marriage is good, though, as we know,
Unwedded life is best,
To a poor wedding-feast came He,
At Cana's town in Galilee,
With a few friends and Our Lady,
Like any other guest.

Now, when the feast was half-way through
The wine was wellnigh done.
" They have no wine," Our Lady said
Trustfully to her Son.

" O, what is that to Me, woman,
And what is that to you ?
My hour is not yet come," He cried.
But, knowing her suit was not denied,
She said to the servants at her side,
" What He shall tell you, do."

She knew that from her Blessed Son
" Woman " fell not in blame,
And He forestalled the fittest hour

To work the wonders of His power
Because His Mother came,
Woman-like, grieving lest the least
Disaster should upset the feast
And bring her friends to shame.

Now six great water-pots of stone
Stood handy for the use
Of all the household, for as yet
Folk washed in state before they ate,
After the way of Jews.

" Fill up the jars with water,"
Said Christ, and to the brim
They filled them. " Draw it out," He said,
" And whoso of the feast is head,
Carry a draught to him."

Now when the chief guest tasted,
Knowing not whence it came,
The vintage of that deed divine,
Water no more, but wondrous wine,
He called the bridegroom's name—

And, " All men give their best wine first
And the worst last, for how
Can drowsy guests tell old from new
Or good from bad?" he said. " But you
Keep the good wine till now."

(Now the Devil too gives good wine first,
And when we drink it up,
Fairly befooled by sin's first sips,
He sets the dregs of death to our lips
In the second or third cup;

But Our Lord keeps His Sweetness back
Even to our lives' ends;
And the cup from which His whole soul shrank,
The direst cup from which He drank,
Is the cup He gives His friends.)

Such was the marriage in Cana,
And the first sign achieved—
A miracle and a mighty stir,
For many a faithful follower,
Seeing the sign, believed.

# XIII.

# Of the Cleansing of the Temple

"And presently the Lord whom you seek and the Angel of the Testament whom you desire shall come to his temple. . . . And who shall be able to think of the day of his coming? And who shall stand to see him? For he is like a refining fire and like the herb of the fuller."—*Malachias iii. 1 and 2.*

NOW Christ came to Capharnaum,
With kinsfolk and a band
Of His disciples, just to grace
For Mary's sake that churlish place
(For she remained there for a space
When He had left the land),
Then, all alone, He quitted them
And went up to Jerusalem,
The Pasch being nigh at hand.

But in the Temple courts He found
A sordid crew and strange—
Dealers in oxen, doves, and sheep,
All selling dear and buying cheap,
And stalls with money in a heap
To give the people change.

Such offerings, St. Augustine says,
Befitted hearts so cold;
And sheep and doves were sacrificed
By Jews before the time of Christ,
Lest their low minds should be enticed
To idols as of old.

But straight away with strips of cord
He made a scourge, Our Blessed Lord,
And drove them from the walls;
Sheep, doves, and oxen, and the dense
Rabble of men, He swept them thence,
And then He spilt their piles of pence
And overturned their stalls.

And those who dealt in doves He bade
Begone with their supplies,
" And do not make My Father's house
A house of merchandise."
Now some disciples saw the troop
Scattered, and word ran round the group:
" Zeal for God's dwelling eats Him up,
As spake the prophecies."

(And ever may such zeal be ours,
When evils are in sight,
To encounter all the crooked horde
Of those who sin against Our Lord
And put His foes to flight;
Or if the crime goes down too deep
For cure, not cravenly to keep
Aloof, but watch and pray and weep
Until the wrong comes right.)

Now the Jews, thwarted in their trade,
Besought Him for a sign—
" Some miracle," they said, " that we
May know by what authority
Thou dost these deeds of Thine."

" Destroy this Temple, and in three
Days I will raise it up," said He.
Then answered Him contemptuously
Such Jews as had not fled:
" Forty-six years it took to raise
What you would build up in three days !"
And with that word they went their ways;
But His disciples said
He spoke of raising up afresh
The ruined Temple of His Flesh
And rising from the dead.

# XIV.

# How the Son of God taught in the Synagogue

"To whom he said: This is my rest. Refresh the weary, and this is my refreshing. And they would not hear. And the word of the Lord shall be to them: Command, command again; command, command again: expect, expect again; expect, expect again: that they may go and fall backward and be broken and snared and taken."—*Isaias xxviii. 12 and 13.*

AND now the sun came streaming out
And all the landscape glistened,
For Christ returned to Galilee
Filled with the Holy Ghost, and He
Taught in the cities by the sea,
And all the people listened.

At Nazareth, where He was bred,
He went, as was His way,
To the synagogue, where the Jews met
To hear the Law and pray—
For this was all the church they had
Upon a Sabbath day.

They handed Him Isaias' book,
And He arose to read,
Not here and there, but where it spoke
Of His own coming, that the folk
Might follow with more heed.

"God hath anointed Me, to Me
His Spirit hath imparted
To preach the Gospel to the poor
And heal the broken-hearted;

"Sight to the sightless to proclaim,
And ransom to the thrall;
The scars of bondage to efface,
To preach the season of God's grace
And the day that pays for all."

He closed the book and gave it back,
And sat Him down anew.
All eyes were on Him—" In your ears,"
He said, " this saying of the seer's
Is even now come true."

They could not doubt it, but their hearts
Were very far from won,
For they begrudged the miracles
They heard that He had done
Down in Capharnaum, " for He
Belongs," they said, " to our city."
And so they added spitefully,
" Is not this Joseph's son ?"

And then, " Physician, heal thyself !"
A catchword to convey
That charity begins at home
(Meaning that He should pay
More court to them). Our Lord replied:
" His own land and his own fireside
Are ever the last to take a pride
In a prophet; and I say,

" There were many widows in Israel
Whose corn and oil were done,
In the two-and-forty months of dearth
When the heavens were shut above the earth,
But save to the widow of Sidon's hearth
Elias came to none;

" There were many lepers in Israel,
But never a single man
Did Eliseus the prophet free,
Making him clean of leprosy,
Save Naaman the Syrian."

He ceased; and the sullen people,
Who heard with shrug and frown,
Rose up in wrath and thrust Him forth
Out of their rocky town,
And sought to drag Him up the crag
And hurl Him headlong down.

But through their very midst He passed
And left them on the brow;
As Man He was their easy prey,
As God He went His glorious way,
And none knew how.

# XV.

# Of the Curing of the Ruler's Son of Capharnaum; and of the Cause and Fashion of Christ's Miracles

"He is the deliverer and saviour, doing signs and wonders in heaven and in earth."—*Daniel vi. 27.*

NOW back to Cana, the first shrine
Of miracles, where power divine
Turned earthly water into wine.
But first of all to tell
How Jesus dwelt with the accurst
Samaritans, and spoke of thirst
For heavenly water to that worst
Of women by the well;
And how she spread what she believed,
And how her heathen friends received
Our Blessed Lord—and all achieved
Without a miracle.

But Jews were not so cheaply won—
A certain ruler had a son
Sick at Capharnaum,
And, hearing folk with bated breath
Speak of the Sage of Nazareth,
Thought: "He might snatch my son from death,
If only He would come."

He had his doubts about Our Lord,
He knew not Whom he saw,
But what he sought was very clear,
For fathers hold their sons so dear,
To stave off heaven and keep them here
They catch at any straw.

Now Jesus knew the man's designs:
"Unless you see wonders and signs
You have no faith," He said.
But faith grows slowly, like a tree;

The ruler's had begun, and he
Put forth one shoot courageously:
" O Lord," he cried, " come back with me
Before my son is dead."

" Go; thy son liveth," said Our Lord,
And joyfully assured
That what He said was simply true,
The ruler hastened home; they flew
To meet him with the news he knew—
His dying son was cured.

" At what time did my son get well ?"
" The seventh hour yesterday,"
Answered the ruler's household (giving
The hour Christ said, " Thy son is living "),
" The fever went away."

The ruler's faith put forth great boughs,
And he believed, and all his house;
For miracles are meant to rouse
Our faith, and Christ has wrought
Marvel on marvel to remove
All doubt that He is God above,
And less to please us than to prove
The truth of what He taught.

He ruled the fishes, quelled the sea,
And withered up the barren tree,
And many a mortal malady
He cured with mortal hands;
Showing that God, Who speaks alone,
In thunder from His starry throne,
Can in a nature like our own
Issue His high commands.

And when His baby limbs were tied
In swaddling-linen to His side,
The star came out and glorified
The helpless life begun;
And when His wounded Body failed,
And both His Hands and Feet were nailed,
God in His wrath rose up and veiled
The splendour of the sun.

# XVI.

# How the Son of God taught from Peter's Ship; and how Peter, James, and John became Fishers of Men

"Behold, I send many fishermen, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them."—*Jeremias xvi. 16.*

NOW, Our Lord walked beside the sea
And taught upon the strand,
And while they pressed to hear Him preach
He saw two boats upon the beach,
And not far off the crew of each
Washing their nets on land.

Now one of the boats was Peter's,
And him Our Lord besought,
Stepping on board, "Put off a space;"
Then, with the people face to face,
He sat in the ship and taught.

And ceasing, He said to Peter:
"Launch out into the deep
And let your nets down for a draught."
But Peter commonly plied his craft
When the world was sound asleep.

So he said: "We have laboured all night long
And taken nothing yet;
However it be, at a word from Thee,
Again I will cast my net."

So the fishermen did as they were bid,
And there followed a mighty wonder,
For the net took in so great a shoal
That the struggling fishes rent a hole
And the net was torn asunder.

Loudly they hailed the second ship,
And their comrades heard their call
And came to their help, but each stout boat
Was filled so full it could barely float
For weight of the wondrous haul.

And Peter fell at His Master's knees
Crying, " O Lord, begone,
And leave me alone, a sinful wight !"
For amazed he stood at the marvellous sight,
And the sons of Zebedee shared his plight,
His partners, James and John.

But Jesus answered him gently,
Knowing how great and grim
Seem a saint's failings: " Fear no more,
Thou shalt catch men henceforth." All four
Drew up their boats upon the shore,
Left all, and followed Him.

This has a twofold meaning,
For all wise men agree
That the simplest speech of Holy Writ
Has many a hidden sense in it
Besides the first we see.

The world is the Lake of Genesareth,
Windy and rough and wide,
Men in their sins are the fishes
Under the shifting tide,
St. Peter's ship is the Catholic Church
That has Our Lord inside.

The saints of God are the fishermen
With nets of holy lore,
Out of the depths they lift their prey,
And only the wicked break away,
For the Faith is the deck and the light of the day
And the sight of the shore.

# XVII.

# Of the Sermon on the Mount

"And many nations shall come in haste and say: Come, let us go up to the mountains of the Lord . . . and he will teach us of his ways and we will walk in his paths."—*Micheas iv. 2.*

HIGH in the hills, above the throng,
Our Blessed Lord prayed all night long,
And in St. Luke's account
Thither, at sunrise, to Himself
He called His friends and chose the Twelve,
Then preached upon a rocky shelf
The Sermon on the Mount.

He and His company came down,
The people clambered higher,
A countless multitude, composed
Of Jews and Gentiles from the coast
Of Sidon and of Tyre.

And high above the weary towns
With all their frets and feuds,
In air so rare the spirit faints
That breathes it first, He taught His saints
The eight Beatitudes.

"Blest are the poor in spirit
(He said as all drew near),
For they possess the realm of bliss."
To root out pride Our Lord said this;
Pride cannot pierce that Heaven of His
Or help the Church of God, which is
His Heavenly Kingdom here.

"Blest are the meek, for they shall own
The earth." When pride is furled
Our tempers must be kept in hand;
No surly soul can hope to stand
Where saints enjoy a living land
After this dying world.

"Blessed are they that mourn (said Christ),
For they shall be consoled."
God asks so much we want to keep,

And while we give it up we weep;
Yet, for His love, how poor and cheap
The wealth we would withhold.

" Blessed are they that crave and thirst
For justice. Such as they
Even on earth shall have their fill."
" My meat it is to do God's Will,"
Christ told His followers; and still
This is the only way.

" Blest are the merciful, for they
Of mercy shall partake."
The merciful are those who moan
The ills of others as their own,
And God shall bless them from His throne
For their compassion's sake.

" Blest are the pure of heart, for they
Shall look on God." Now none
Entangled in the flesh can spy
His Sweetness, but the soul's clear eye
Shall see the eternal Trinity
Shine like a cloudless sun.

" Blest are the peacemakers, for they
Shall be called Sons of God."
Most like Our Lord Himself are these—
They heal debates and enmities,
And with the message of His peace
The feet of saints are shod.

" Blessed are they that suffer wrong
For justice' sake (said He),
And blest are you when men shall hiss
Your name, and take your deeds amiss,
And do all sorts of villainies
To you because of Me.
Be blithe and brave when such befall,
Your heavenly meed shall not be small,
For as they used the prophets all
So will they handle ye."
Thus far the Sermon, which acquaints
God's children with the doom of saints,
Appoints their path on earth and paints
Their peerless destiny.

# XVIII.

# Of the Apostles' Rule of Life

"Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and whatsoever I shall command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid at their presence: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord."—*Jeremias i. 7 and 8.*

THESE are the Twelve Apostles' names:
Simon (called Peter), John, and James
(Whom Christ most kept about Him),
Bartholomew (whom some folk guess
To be Nathanael), James the Less,
Thomas (who was to doubt Him).

Andrew and Philip, Matthew (he
Who took the tolls in Galilee,
And when Our Lord said, "Follow Me,"
Left all things and obeyed Him),
Simon Zelotes (tenth), and Jude
(Eleventh of that brotherhood),
And Judas (who betrayed Him).

Sending them forth Christ taught them:
"Fare to no foreign strand
Nor teach Samaritans, but tell
The dying sheep of Israel
God's Kingdom is at hand."

(Now, first the Apostles' labours
Were to the Jews confined,
Lest the false Hebrews later on
Should grumble "if we had but known";
But at His resurrection
His word was, "Teach mankind.")

He gave them power to cure the sick
And make the dead to live,
Cleanse the fell taint of leprosy
And cast out devils. "But," said He,
"All this, because you get it free,
You must as freely give.

" Own neither gold nor silver,
Nor pence in purse require,
Take not two coats, nor shoes, nor stay
Your steps upon a staff; for they
Who do not work for mortal pay
Are worthy of their hire.

" At every town and village
Ask for the house most fit,
And bide there till you go away,
And ' Peace be to this dwelling ' say,
Even as you enter it.

" And if the house is fit and fair
Your peace shall fall like dew,
But if the house is false and foul
Your peace shall back to your own soul
And rest again with you.

" And if they will not take you in,
Nor heed you, turn away,
And shake the dust from off your feet,
For verily a fate more sweet
Shall Sodom and Gomorrah meet,
At the last trump, than they.

" Lambs among wolves, I send you: be
As doves then for simplicity,
Serpents for wisdom. (' Snakes,'
Says wise Rabanus, ' wriggle in
Through clefts of rocks to shed their skin.
The saint casts off his outworn sin
On the strict path he takes.')

" Nevertheless, beware of men,
For they shall scourge you sore
In synagogues, and plan your fall
In council-chambers and the hall
Of king and governor.

" But seeing all is borne for Me,
That so My Word may reach
Gentile and Jew, when in their power
Tax not your soul for words, the hour

Shall fashion its own speech;
Yet not such speech as man may boast
Unaided, for the Holy Ghost
Shall give the words to each.

" Now, brothers brothers shall betray,
Fathers with children make away,
Children arise and take
The lives of those that gave them breath,
And men shall look on you like death,
Only for My name's sake.

" But whoso to the end goes on,
The bliss of Heaven shall shine upon."
O End of all things undergone,
O End which has sufficed
All saints, O End secure and sweet—
Not death, destruction or defeat,
But life, triumphant and complete—
" The End is Christ."

# XIX.

# How Our Blessed Lord forgave St. Mary Magdalen

"The Lord hath appeared from afar to me. Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee."

*Jeremias xxxi. 3.*

THE Pharisees and lawyers
Pursued Our Lord with blame;
They turned their backs upon the grace
Of Baptism—the ungentle race!—
Like children in a market-place
Playing a selfish game.

For these say one to another—
And ever the game goes on—
"We piped, and yet you have not leapt;
We mourned, and yet you have not wept."
And such-like words the proud Jews kept
For Christ and for St. John.

St. John came spurning bread and wine—
"He hath a fiend," quoth they.
Christ ate and drank with all the clan—
"A sot," they said, "a greedy man,
A friend of sinner and publican,"
As they say of His Church to-day:
For this one calls the Faith too grim,
And that too snug and safe for him;
There is no middle way.

But Simon the Pharisee bade Him dine,
And as He sat at meat
A woman who had lived in sin,
As all the town knew well, came in
And knelt down at His feet.

She did not blush before the guests,
Though all the guests looked round;
There was such shame within her heart,

Now that Our Lord was found,
No shame could touch her from without
As she knelt on the ground.

With her own tears she washed His feet,
And dried them with her locks,
Kissed them, and covered them with balm
Out of a marble box.

Now when the host beheld her
He said, below his breath:
" A prophet surely could not miss
Knowing how bad that woman is
Who dares to touch those feet of His."
But Jesus answering saith:

" Simon, I have a word for thee."
" Master," he answered, " say."
" Two debtors had one creditor:
One owed him fifty pence, no more,
The other, fifty ten times o'er,
And neither man could pay.

" The creditor forgave them both,
Pitying their needy plight;
Which of the two men loved him most ?"
" I should have thought," replied the host,
" He who escaped the greater cost."
He said, " Thou hast judged right."

" Look, Simon," He added,
And faced the woman there,
" I came into your house to eat;
You brought no water for My feet,
But she with tears has washed them sweet,
And wiped them with her hair.

" Never a kiss you gave to Me,
But from her earliest coming she
Has kissed My feet incessantly:
Never with balm of state
You graced My head—with musk and myrrh
She steeps My feet; and I aver
Her many sins are pardoned her
Because her love is great.

" For whoso is forgiven less,
The less he loves." To her
He said, " Thy sins are pardoned thee."
Then all that righteous company—
Who, out of sight, were worse than she—
Aroused them to demur,
And muttered, as they wagged their chins,
" What man is this that pardons sins?"
And scorned the Pardoner.

* * * * * *

O valiant soul, seek out your Lord,
And cast your beauty, like a sword
Surrendered, at His feet adored,
Taking no heed of men;
And, rising from your radiant knees
To face a world of Pharisees,
You too shall hear such words as these:
" Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace,"
Like Mary Magdalen.

# XX.

# Of the Parable of the Sower; and of Other Parables

"I will open my mouth in parables, I will utter things hidden from the foundation of the world."

*Psalm lxxvii. 2.*

ONCE more sat Jesus by the tide,
And taught a crowd dissatisfied
And bitter as the waters wide
That watched it ebb and swell;
And once again He found a boat,
And pushed it out and sat afloat
And faced the folk, and bade them note
His second parable.

"A sower," He said, "came forth to sow,
And ever as he sowed
Some of the seed by the way was strown,
And the fowls of the air came flying down
And ate it on the road.

"And some fell on the stony land,
Where no good soil is found,
And straight away it shot up fair,
So shallow was the ground.

"But the sun rose high in the heavens,
And parched the seed with its ray;
And because it had no root in the earth
It withered and died away.

"And some fell on the stony land,
And the thorns grew stout and tall;
They choked the life out of the seed,
And it bore no fruit at all.

"And some fell on the good land,
And brought forth fruit untold—
Thirty this, and sixty that,
And the other a hundredfold."

" He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,"
Cried Christ, when the tale was done;
For a parable tells of a likely deed,
An earthly truth like the sowing of seed,
But the ears of the heart are called to heed
The hint of a heavenly one;
And many such do the Scriptures cite
As the Merciless Servant, the Widow's Mite,
And the tale of the Prodigal Son.

Within-doors when the crowd was gone
The Twelve Apostles fell
To questioning Our Blessed Lord
About His parable.

" To you it is vouchsafed to know
The hidden things of Heaven,
Which to the multitude without
In parables are given;

" That they should hear, but not in heart,
And see, but not in soul,
Lest they should turn themselves to Me,
And I should make them whole."

(Isaias saw them down the years,
The happier for their heavy ears,
The blither for their blindness;
For had they grasped the eternal plan,
And known Christ God as well as Man,
How much more guilt the graceless clan
Had earned by their unkindness.)

Now for the Twelve Christ broke the spell
And showed the Truth confest;
For he who reads one parable
Can deal with all the rest.

Christ is the Sower and the Seed;
The way is men who pay no heed
To God, so Satan comes with speed
And straight the Word devours,
For Truth becomes the Devil's prey
In the bad heart, that busy way

Trodden by wicked thoughts all day,
Under the sun as hard as clay,
As slippery in the showers.

Now, next to these (who are the worst)
Comes the dry rock, the land athirst—
The men who hear the Word at first
And for a while obey;
But rootless in their hearts it lies,
Temptations and hard times arise
For the Word's sake, and so Faith dies,
For then they fall away.

Next come the men who hear God's voice
Till earthly riches, cares, and joys
Stifle it, for the world destroys
Souls of the bravest root;
Vain business clings about their leisure,
Their thoughts are choked with tinsel treasure,
And, strangled with forbidden pleasure,
How can they bear God fruit?

But last come those who, having heard,
In a good heart receive the Word:
Who hear, and understand;
These bear the Sower fruit untold,
Some thirty and some sixty fold—
A hundred from the happy-souled
Who are the perfect land.

# XXI.

# Of the Storm on the Sea of Galilee

"He said the word, and there rose a storm of wind: and the waves thereof were lifted up. They mount up to the heavens and they go down to the depths: and their souls withered with evils. . . . And they cried to the Lord in their trouble: and he brought them out of their distresses. And he turned the storm into a breath: and its waves were still. And they were glad because they were still: and he brought them to their desired haven."—*Psalm cvi. 25, 26, 28-30.*

NOW when the parables were done,
And it was getting late,
The people saw the red sun dip,
And Our Lord got into a small ship
To sail across the strait.

Just as He was, Our Lord got in,
The Apostles took their turn,
The waves arose, billow on billow,
But Christ slept on a wooden pillow
Unheeding in the stern.

The air was full of fiendish sounds,
The sea ran huge and high,
Breaker on breaker filled the boat;
The Apostles shook the Sleeper's coat,
And cried against the storm's shrill throat,
"Lord, save us, or we die!"

He rose, and straight the winds were chidden,
The waves sank back as they were bidden,
And a great calm was made—
Calm, not a ripple or a breath;
And He said, "O you of little faith,
Why are you so afraid?"

Then cried the men who manned the boat
And saw these wonders be,
" This Man Whom winds and waves obey,
What sort of Man is He ?"
And sailing on, they bore Him thence
To the country of the Gerasens,
Which faces Galilee.

Now the ship of Christ is the faithful soul,
And the world the treacherous sea;
Christ steps on board when we first begin
To love Him best and to leave off sin,
When a new adventurer sails to win
The laurels of sanctity.

And these are the names of the noble band
Christ brings when He comes on board,
To stay in the ship till the voyage is done:
Faith, Hope, and Charity first step on,
Who follow like Peter, James, and John,
At the heels of Our Blessed Lord.

Prudence and Justice next advance,
Fortitude comes with Temperance,
And all are bestowed inside;
Wisdom enters with Holy Fear,
Knowledge and Counsel help to steer,
With never a star to guide;
And Piety stays and Understanding,
Till the ship is moored to the merry landing
In the teeth of the wind and tide.

Then let the Devil drive like wind,
The World like breakers roar,
And God Himself seem fast asleep,
This lovely company will keep
The bearings of the shore;
And beg the King to help His own,
And thank Him when the storm goes down
And all is still once more.

This notion is older than you and me,
And will last when we sleep in our graves;
It was Bede the Monk in his narrow cell
Who wrote the meaning he saw so well

Of this story of winds and waves—
Bede, who had watched the painted and narrow
Prows of the ships that sailed by Jarrow,
And told his tale with the might and marrow
That the faith of a Saxon craves.

For Englishmen never shun the seas,
And it seems a doleful thing
If a land that bore Raleigh, Gilbert, and Drake,
Who sailed so far for a bad queen's sake,
Could do less for a Heavenly King.

At dusk He stands on the quay again:
Bid Him on board with His blissful train,
Through a sea more rough than the Spanish Main
To voyage without dread or fear;
Let Him sleep His sleep out within your breast,
You will see the end of the stormy quest
In El Dorado, the golden rest
That awaits God's buccaneer.

# XXII.

# Of the Feeding of the Five Thousand

"For I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."—*Psalm lxxx. 11.*

AND now the Pasch came round again
With the green grass in spring;
But John the Baptist, he was dead,
For vile Salome got his head
Who danced before the king.

So Our Lord kept no Pasch that year,
But let it pass away,
And He took the Twelve to the wilderness
Beyond Bethsaida.

But the crowd followed him on foot,
Out of the cities lured
By tidings of the signs He wrought,
And Jesus pitied all who sought,
And first—for souls come first—He taught,
And afterwards He cured.

As dusk drew in the apostles came
To Our Lord where He stood.
"This place is drear and desolate,"
They said, "and it is getting late;
Bid the folk seek some city gate
For a night's rest and food."

Then Our Lord lifted up His eyes
And looked upon the throng;
And turning round to Philip said,
"How shall we buy these people bread?"
(But He knew all along
What He should do, and did but ask
To try the apostle's mind and task
His faith if it were strong.)

Bewildered Philip did not know.
" Two hundred pence," he said, " would go
No further than a penny
To buy a mouthful for each man."
Then Andrew doubtfully began—
Not that he had a better plan,
For none could think of any—
" Two fishes here a boy has got,
Beside five barley-loaves; but what
Are these among so many ?"

" Bring them to Me," said Jesus;
And in a hundred droves
Of fifty, on the fair green sward,
He made the people sit, Our Lord,
And then He took the boy's small horde—
Two fishes and five loaves.

And looking up to Heaven, He spoke,
And blessed the bread His fingers broke
And gave the fragments to His folk,
Who gave to all the rest;
So with the fishes—of that store
All ate till they could eat no more,
And crumbs belittered the green floor.
" Pick up," said Jesus, " lest
They perish, all the bits to spare."
Twelve baskets full of bits there were
Given to the twelve apostles' care
After that banquet blest.

Now when the people saw this thing
They sought to make Our Lord their king,
And take Him, willing or unwilling,
But He to the hills had gone;
For the mountain crest, and the desert sand,
And the storm-tossed vessel a league from land,
Were His ways of escape from the people's hand,
The haunts that He made His own.
The Prayer of God is the mountain rim,
Great Deeds are the desert, gaunt and grim,
And Suffering the ship awash to the brim,
And one of these if you choose with Him
The world will leave you alone.

But the banquet was much and more beside,
For the very next year at eventide,
Or ever the Pasch was spent,
A Feast far greater had come to pass,
And the bread Christ broke for the crowd on the grass
Was only the shadow of Holy Mass
And the Blessed Sacrament.

# XXIII.

# How Our Blessed Lord walked on the Water; and how St. Peter tried to follow Him

"Had not the Lord been with us . . . maybe the waters had overwhelmed us . . . maybe our soul had passed through a water insupportable."

*Psalm cxxiii. 1-5.*

THE crowd was gone, Our Lord alone
Prayed on among the hills;
Alone the apostles sought the shore
At twilight and took ship once more,
But sore against their wills.

For bit by bit God gives His saints
Still greater things to bear;
It seemed that they were hardly through
The storm before, and now anew
The wind got up, the white foam flew,
And all night long it blew and blew,
And Jesus was not there.

They laboured, straining at the oars,
Till dawn was a faint strip,
Then terror took them utterly—
They saw Christ walking on the sea.
Up to the side and on came He
As though to pass the ship.

"A spirit!" they said. Christ made reply,
"Be not afraid, for I am I."
Then, just as Moses on Horeb high
Arose at the selfsame speech,
Peter came forward, "If it be
Really Yourself, O Lord," said he,
"Bid me to come to You on the sea."
"Come," said Our Lord; and each

Of the rest remained, but over the side
St. Peter stepped on the swirling tide,
Heedless of self and all beside,
So Christ were within his reach.

(For St. Peter's faith, as the Fathers say,
Is ever the greatest found.
What none can do by the might of man
At the bidding of God St. Peter can,
And his Church goes on as her Head began,
Treading the ages' weltering span
As though it were solid ground.)

But a pace or two and the saint lost heart
For dread of the driving blast,
He felt himself sinking down and down,
" Save me !" he cried aghast.
Christ stretched forth His hand and plucked him out:
" O little of faith, why did you doubt ?"
He said as He held him fast.

He bore him back to the trusty ship,
And St. Peter joined the rest,
Like a baby bird that its mother brings
At the end of its broken flutterings
To forget its follies under her wings
In the bottom of the nest.

Then in the boat Our Lord embarked,
And the storm raged no more;
But those who witnessed how He trod
The sea, and winds obeyed His nod,
Adored Him as the Son of God,
And so they came to shore.

# XXIV.

# How the Son of God promised to be the Bread of Life

"And the Lord their God will save them in that day as the flock of his people; for holy stones shall be raised up over his land. For what is that good thing and what that beauteous thing of his, but the corn of the elect and wine budding forth virgins?"

*Zacharias ix. 16, 17.*

NOW to Capharnaum the fair
The crowd set out to steer,
Seeking Our Lord across the sound,
Whom in the synagogue they found,
And asked Him, as they flocked around,
" Master, when came you here ?"

Then Christ made answer, knowing well
They recked not of His miracle
Nor of His power divine:
" You follow Me for earthly meat,
Because I gave you loaves to eat,
Nor heed the heavenly sign;
O labour not for meat like this,
The meat that fails and perishes,
But what endures to endless bliss
That seek, for it is Mine."

" How shall we labour as God wills ?"
Said they. Our Lord replied,
" Believe in Him Whom God hath sent."
(For you and me these words were meant;
As for that foolish rabblement,
On mortal meat was all their bent,
And nothing else beside.)

" Lord, give us always this same bread !"
Their greedy cry was rife;
Our Blessed Lord made answer thus,
Less for His hearers than for us:
" I am the Bread of Life."

" Manna your fathers ate indeed,
And they are dead and gone;
This is the Bread come down from high,
And whoso eats It shall not die,
This selfsame Living Bread am I,
There is no other one;
For whoso eats this Bread shall live,
Which is My Flesh that I shall give
To feed the world upon."

Then strove the faithless Jews afresh,
" How can He feed us with His Flesh ?"
And Jesus heard their strife—
" Unless you eat My Flesh," said He,
" And drink My Blood, you shall not see
This everlasting life."

" Some sign," they said, " we should receive
Before we promise to believe,
To make the matter even;
God for our fathers gave no less
Than manna in the wilderness,
He gave them bread from Heaven."
(O selfish gluttons, how they gloat
On meat and drink ! Mark what they quote,
And the sole miracle they note
Of all that God had given !)

Our Lord replied, " Amen, amen,
No bread from Heaven was given then,
(For manna fell for hungry men
As frost or dew might fall),
This shall My Heavenly Father give,
And whoso eats of It shall live,
And It shall be for all."

Much more He said, wondrous and wise,
About His heavenly device
To stay when He was gone.
Where is the saint did ever doubt
The Flesh and Blood He speaks about,
The simple truth all written out
So simply by St. John ?

Yet even disciples hard at hand
Began to grudge and grieve,
" This is a knotty speech," they said,
" And hopeless to believe."

If thus His well-wishers behaved
What could His enemies do ?
Some thought He meant Himself to be
Paid piecemeal like the gold we see
Paid from some royal treasury.
Then Christ, because He knew
A word or two would make all clear
That was so strange and hard to hear,
Said to His followers standing near,
" Are you offended too ?"

" What if you see the Son of Man
Ascending whence He came ?"
Then all His plan was manifest—
That He should enter into rest
Eternal, but His Body blest
Should feed them just the same.

Now hitherto His friends had grown,
Henceforth their number fell,
And many walked with Him no more;
And yet Our Blessed Lord forbore
To threaten or compel,
He did not want a soul to bide
For fear, or favour, or false pride,
But asked the apostles at His side,
"And will you go as well ?"

Then answered Peter as their head,
" To whom, Lord, shall we go ?" he said.
" Thou hast the words of bliss;
And we believe and know, each one,
That Thou art Christ, God's Very Son."
Such was St. Peter's faith, and none
Spoke truer words than his.
The way of faith is ever so:
Our knowledge to our faith we owe,
We first believe, and then we know,
There is no way but this.

# XXV.

# How St. Peter acknowledged the Son of God and was given the Keys of His Church

"And I will lay the key of the house of David upon his shoulder: and he shall open, and none shall shut: and he shall shut, and none shall open."

*Isaias xxii. 22.*

NOW, thirteen miles from Hermon Hill
A little river scored,
A slope of orchards, and hard by
There stood the walls and turrets high
Of Cæsarea Philippi,
And hither came Our Lord.

And hither came the Apostles Twelve,
An undivided band;
Their backs were turned upon the Jews,
They faced a Gentile land,
And as they went Christ bade them flee
The falsehoods of the Pharisee,
And then He gave them more to see
And more to understand.

"What do men call the Son of Man?"
He said to all and each.
"St. John the Baptist," one had heard;
"Elias," was the second's word;
And, "Jeremias," said the third;
"Any dead seer unsepulchred
And risen again," the rest averred—
So ran the common speech.

Now where the proud were wrong who weened
Our Blessed Lord wellnigh a fiend,
The simple were half right;
For not unlike God's Son they are—

St. John, His herald and His star,
Elias, in the fiery car
Whirled heavenwards out of sight,
And Jeremias, whose wet eyes
Bewailed his people's destinies
And saw the happy Gentiles rise
Upon their hopeless plight.

" But what say you ?" Our Lord went on.
St. Peter's faith awoke,
" Thou art the Christ," he stoutly said,
" Son of the Living God." O Head
Of all the Twelve, with what dear dread
They listened, and you spoke !

" The Son of God "—O, wondrous claim !
And yet the boatmen said the same,
And wise Nathanael named that Name,
And named it long before;
But nought they meant except, " How near,
This Prophet is to God, and dear."
St. Peter's words meant more.

He knew God's Very Son; and now,
" Simon Bar-Jona, blest art thou,"
Replied Our Lord, " for this
No flesh and blood to thee has shown,
My Heavenly Father He alone
Unveils such mysteries;

" And I say to thee, thou art Peter
(The name that so fitly fell
When the saint first sought Him and won his search),
And on this Rock I will build My Church,
Shall face out the gates of hell;

" And the keys of the kingdom of heaven
I will give to thee," said God's Son,
" And whatso on earth is bound by thee,
The same shall be bound in Heaven by Me,
And whatso on earth thou let'st go free
In Heaven shall be undone."

This was Our Lord's own saying
Of the place that His saint should fill,
Thus was the True Church founded,
A city set on a hill;
And across the trough of the years she eyes
The gates of hell, whence the Devil tries
To lay her level with sins and lies,
Yet never shall have his will.

For the hill is Peter, the chosen Rock,
To the end of the world he stands,
In faith, in hope, and in love most strong,
The Head of the Church to whom belong
The keys of the judgment of right and wrong,
Which Christ put in his hands.

# XXVI.

# Of the Transfiguration of Our Blessed Lord

"And they went up . . . and they saw the God of Israel: and under his feet as it were a work of sapphire stone, and as the heaven, when it is clear. . . . And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like a burning fire on top of the mountain."—*Exodus xxiv. 9, 10, and 17.*

O WHO would climb a hilly road
To reach an unknown place
Had not some other traveller shown
The very way, and come back down
With all the splendour of the town
Reflected in his face?

This did Our Blessed Lord, for He
Showed all His sufferings to be,
And Peter took it bitterly,
And all the Twelve would have Him flee,
Whatever the world's loss;
And so, to help them follow on
The footsteps of His Passion,
And bear their own when He was gone,
He showed to Peter, James, and John,
The Glory of the Cross.

These three He chose (and through their eyes
We taste betimes of Paradise,
And learn to wait on bliss)—
St. Peter for his dignity,
St. James, who was the first to die
A martyr, and St. John most high
In heavenly mysteries.

On lofty Thabor, all alone
In the bright mountain air,
The three apostles almost slept,
But Christ was steeped in prayer;

And then they woke, and looked, and lo !
His Face was like the sun aglow,
His garments gleamed like driven snow,
Nought woven in the world below
Could with that white compare.

And Moses and Elias,
All worshipful and white,
Walked with Our Blessed Lord, to them
He spoke about Jerusalem,
From whence His death should light;
Then Peter, wild with joy and fear,
Said: " Good it were to stay up here !
Lord, if Thou think'st it right,
Three tabernacles let us make,
For Moses' and Elias' sake,
And Thine !" He knew not what he spake
For sweetness of that sight.

O hungry heart, whose wishes climb
To pluck your heaven before its time,
All this must fade away;
Yet Jesus, Whose transfigured brows
Will never grace your tent of boughs,
The altars of your Church shall house—
So much of heaven shall stay.

For even as he spoke a cloud
Of radiance lapped them round,
And, " This is My Beloved Son,
In Whom I am well pleased," said One,
" Hear Him." Then Peter, James and John,
Fell stricken to the ground.

O Trinity, Whose blest accord
Shone at the Baptism of Our Lord,
Once more the Father names the Word
To mortal ears aloud,
Once more the Holy Ghost above
Bestows the bounties of His love—
Not grace descending like a dove,
But glory as a cloud.

But now, " Arise, and do not fear !"
Christ touched the three and said;
They raised their eyes, the place was lonely,
And they saw nought but Jesus only,
For all the rest was fled;
Then, going down the mountain-side,
He charged them all that they should hide
What they had seen until He died,
And rose up from the dead.

# XXVII.

# Of the Two Sisters of Bethany

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. . . . It walketh with chosen women, and with the just and faithful it is known."—*Ecclesiasticus i. 16.*

THERE is a village called Bethany,
Standing aloof and alone.
Hither Our Lord came many a time;
For three dear friends of His own,
Lazarus, Martha, and Mary,
Dwelt in the little town.

O happy brother and sisters—
Mary, the first to adore Him,
Lazarus, whose tale is yet to come,
Martha, who welcomed Him into her home,
For she was the eldest, and decked His room
And served up her best before Him.

But Mary drank of His holy lore
With a soul lowly and bowed,
For the meek have grace as a vale has rills:
Down the heart of the humble it sings and spills,
But it ebbs away from the swollen hills,
The parched hearts of the proud.

So Mary sat at the blissful feet
She had washed and dried with her hair,
But Martha came from her household tasks
Like a woman cumbered with care.
"Lord, is it nought to Thee," she upbraided,
"That my sister has left me to work unaided?
Bid her to take her share!"

"Martha, Martha," replied Our Lord,
When Martha had said her say,
"On many doings you spend your heart,
But one alone is the needful art,
And Mary has chosen the better part,
Which shall not be taken away."

Now Martha's life was a life of deeds,
And these were good, not ill;
But she met with blame when she strove to thwart
The joys of the soul that Mary sought,
For Mary's life was a life of thought,
And that is better still.

Either of these is dear to God,
And either a man can live,
In the search for truth, or in noble deeds,
For the active life fits this man's needs,
And that the contemplative.

But the deeds of the body shall disappear
Like the tents of a caravan,
While the sparks of truth to the seeker given
Shall blaze aloft on the hearth of heaven,
For God is the Truth for which we have striven,
And God is the End of man:
And those who sit at the feet of His Son
Shall look on His face when time is done,
For in Love is the knowledge of God begun,
And it ends as it began.

# XXVIII.

# Of the Raising of Lazarus

"For it is thou, O Lord, that hast power of life and death, and leadest down to the gates of death, and bringest back again."—*Wisdom xvi. 13.*

NOW Our Lord was beyond Jordan,
Where St. John's work began,
When there came news from Bethany—
"Lazarus was sick, and like to die,"
The sisters' message ran.

"He whom thou lovest, Lord, is sick,"
No word beyond their woe;
Love is not love that keeps aloof
Unfaithful in the day of proof,
Enough to let Him know.

Said Christ, "He is not sick to death;
'Tis for God's greater praise,
And for more glory to God's Son,
This befalls Lazarus." Thereupon,
Although for love He would have gone,
He waited two more days.

Then, "Go we to Judæa,"
He said to His small train.
But they made answer, "Even now,
They tried to stone Thee there. Wouldst Thou
Fall in their hands again?"

"Has not the day twelve hours," quoth He,
"And is the road so grim
You fear to stumble as you tread
With Light undying overhead?"
Then, "Our friend Lazarus sleeps," He said;
"I go to waken him."

But still they shrank, "Let him sleep on,
The better he will be,"
They would not court another brawl;
Then Our Lord plainly told them all—
"Lazarus is dead," said He.

" And that you faith may shine more bright
(For still their faith was dim),
I am right glad I was not there;
But let us go to him."

Thomas, whom men called Didymus,
Stood with the rest hard by,
" If He goes let us all go too,"
He said, " we can but die."

Two miles beyond Jerusalem
The bitter news they heard,
Lazarus was dead and laid in grave,
Or ever they got word.

And many of the nobler Jews
For courtesy were come
To soothe the sisters' lonely cheer.
Now Martha heard Our Lord was near,
And went to meet her Master dear,
But Mary stayed at home.

And Martha met Our Blessed Lord
Upon the mountain-side,
" Lo, if thou hadst been here," she said,
" My brother had not died.

" But thou canst ask God anything,
And never ask in vain."
Then answered her Our Blessed Lord,
" Lazarus shall rise again."

" I know that he shall rise again
At the last day," she said;
" The day of resurrection,
When all rise from the dead."

" The Resurrection and the Life,"
Answered Our Lord, " am I.
He who believes in me shall live,
Even although he die;
And all who live and trust in Me
Shall live for all eternity—
Holdst thou this steadfastly ?"

" Yea, Lord, Thou art the Christ, God's Son,
So I believe," said she.
And with those words she went back home,
And very quietly,
" The Master is at hand," she said,
" Mary, and asks for thee."

O swiftly, swiftly, Mary rose,
As though she heard Him call,
And met Our Lord where Martha did,
Some steps beyond the wall.

And all the Jews who saw her go
Down the hill sheer and steep
Rose up and followed, saying thus—
" She goes to the grave of Lazarus,
To her brother's grave, to weep."

But Mary fell at the feet of Christ,
At the feet her hair had dried.
" Lord, if Thou hadst been here," she said,
" My brother had not died."

Now when Our Lord beheld her weep,
And the Jews weeping too,
He groaned, letting Himself be moved
To feel like a Man for those He loved,
Or ever His power as God He proved
By a deed no man could do.

And He said, " Where have you laid him ?"
" Come and see," they besought.
And Jesus wept. But the Jews, aside,
Said, " Look, how He loved him !" and some cried,
" Strange that His friend should thus have died,
Seeing what cures He wrought !"

Again Our Lord groaned to Himself,
As He had groaned before,
And they came to the grave, all quiet and still,
A cave cut out of the hollow hill
With a stone rolled to the door.

Christ bade them roll the stone aside,
But Martha in great dread
Stopped them, and bade Our Lord beware
Lest the poor corpse should taint the air
That had been four days dead.

" If you have faith you shall behold
The glory of God's sway,"
Answered Our Lord. Then from the tomb
They rolled the stone away,
And He lifted up His eyes aloft
As men do when they pray.

" Father, I give Thee thanks," He said,
" That Thou hast heard My cry;
And yet I know Thou hearest me
Always, so I give thanks (said He),
That these should know I come from Thee,
These people standing by."

And saying this, with a loud voice,
" Lazarus, come forth !" He cried.
(So the last trumpet shall bestir
The bones of all that ever were.)
And straightway from his sepulchre
Came forth the man who died.

He came forth as they decked him dead,
Before they laid him low;
His hands and feet were tightly wound
With linen, and his face was bound.
Then said Our Lord to those around,
" Loose him and let him go."

* * * * * *

O soul so sepulchred in sin,
Dead, without grace of breath,
Hear Our Lord weeping through the stone
Of guilt and wrong that weighs you down
And keeps you underneath;
Rise in your grave-clothes, for His bliss
Shines in through all the crevices,
And hands whose tenderness is His
Shall loose the knots of death.

# XXIX.

# How Our Blessed Lord spoke of Holy Poverty to the Young Man with Great Possessions

"One is as it were rich, when he has nothing: and another is as it were poor, when he has great riches."—*Proverbs xiii. 7.*

THE world is like a drifting smoke,
In the soul's eyes it smarts,
And riches feed its baleful fires
With smouldering cares and fierce desires
And hoarded wealth but heaps the pyres,
Of anguish in men's hearts.

In far Judæa it befell,
A youth of high degree,
A Jewish prince, a rich young man,
Ran after Christ and thus began
Upon his bended knee:

"What must I do, good Master,
To gain eternal bliss?"
"Callst thou Me good," Christ answered,
"When all men live amiss?
No one is good save God alone."
"Thus," says St. Bede, "the youth was shown
That Christ was God." Naught can be known
Until a man knows this.

"Thou knowest the commandments,"
Bespake his Teacher then—
"Thou shalt not kill, or thieve, or lie"
(For none may pass these biddings by,
The laws that on Mount Sinai
Were given by God to men).
"Master," replied with simple truth
The rich young ruler, "from my youth
I have observed all ten.

" What is there over and above ?"
Then Our Lord looked on him with love,
" If thou wouldst perfect be,
There is (He answered) one thing more—
Sell all thou hast, and give the poor,
And come and follow Me."

O perfect path ! Who treads therein
Has all the crowns of heaven to win,
Yet here was one who hated sin
And lived without transgressions,
Who loved Our Lord as worldlings may
But would not give Him more than they.
Sadly he rose and went away,
For he had great possessions.

And sadly, too, Our Lord went on,
And ever as He trod,
To Peter and the rest He spoke:
" How hard it is for wealthy folk
To win the realm of God !

" A camel through a needle's eye
More lightly may you thread,
Than bring the rich to heavenly bliss."
The Twelve Apostles quailed at this.
" Who can be saved ?" they said.

" With man," He answered, " there is none;
Only with God it can be done."
For God gives grace to everyone,
Here, as in far Judæa;
And he was rich who watched of yore
For Jesus from the sycamore—
Zacchæus; and the saint who bore
Christ to His tomb had gold in store—
Joseph of Arimathea.

And some are poor, yet not for Christ,
But out of sin or sloth;
While riches spent with holy heed,
On a man's wants or neighbour's need,
Bring blessings on them both.

But how much safer to forsake
All things, to follow in His wake
Who showed the first great step to take
Upon perfection's track;
For many a weary mile have we
To go before we perfect be,
And the first step is Poverty,
The gain of those that lack:
Who that has once his heart bestowed
On Christ, and dropped his golden load
To step the lightlier on the road,
Would ever wish it back?

# XXX.

# Of the Banquet at Bethany; and of the Treachery of Judas

"And they weighed for my wages thirty pieces of silver . . . the handsome price at which I was prized by them."—*Zacharias xi. 12, 13.*

AND now once more the Pasch came round,
And the corn grew green and high,
But or ever the Paschal lamb was slain
An evil plot was put in train,
That the Lamb of God should die.

Hardly was Lazarus raised from death,
Not long before the feast,
Than a grim gathering there was
In the great hall of Caiphas,
Who was the Jews' High Priest.

Not simple folk, but Pharisees,
And Priests with dark designs,
All met to think upon a plan
To slay the Son of God—"the man,"
They said, "who works these signs."

"All will believe in Him," they cried:
"Of Him we must be rid,
Or else the Romans will come down
And slay our folk and sack our town!"
(As afterwards they did,
But not for Christ's sake; with the Jews
This saying was a mere excuse
Under whose fair and loyal hues
Their envious hearts were hid.)

Caiphas spoke out like a seer,
Because he was High Priest that year,
But could not make the wonders clear
His wicked lips let fall.
"You, you know nothing," was his cry,

" Nor do you heed the reason why,
Lest every one of us should die,
One man should die for all !"

O true, God's Son was come to die,
To die for all mankind,
But not to die before His day.
He took the Twelve and went away
To Ephrem, a small town that lay
By the desert, hard to find.

Up to Jerusalem the Jews
Flocked with their foredoomed beasts,
And stood in the Temple whispering low,
" Think you the Christ will come, or no,
Here for the Feast of Feasts ?"
And the wise wove their stratagem—
If Christ came to Jerusalem,
Let Him (they said) be brought to them,
To the Pharisees and Priests.

Six days before the day He died
To Bethany came Our Lord,
To a feast set and sumptuous,
Where Martha served, and Lazarus
Sat by Him at the board.

And Mary broke a marble phial
Of spikenard sweet and cool
Over His feet, weary and bare,
And the house, as she dried them with her hair,
Was filled with a fragrancy like prayer,
Secret and beautiful.

And the last drop the phial held
She poured upon His Head.
This deed was little to the taste
Of the disciples. " Why this waste ?"
They cried; and Judas said:

" Why not have sold the costly balm
And given to them that lack ?"
(Now this he said because he bore

The purse; he did not love the poor,
But stole coins from the common store
And never put them back.)

" Trouble her not," replied Our Lord;
" She decks Me for My grave;
The poor you always have at hand,
But Me you do not have.

" Amen, amen, I say to you,
Whereso beneath the sun
The Word is preached, in every land,
This woman's memory shalt stand,
To tell what she has done."

Then Judas rose and left the Twelve;
To the Chief Priests went he,
And, " If I yield Him up to you,
What will you give to me ?"

" Thirty pieces of silver,"
They said with one accord.
He took his pay and left the room,
And from that day of wrath and gloom
He sought to bring about the doom
Of his deserted Lord.

# XXXI.

# How Our Blessed Lord rode to Jerusalem

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion; shout for joy, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King will come to thee, the just one and the saviour. He is poor and riding upon an ass and upon a colt the foal of an ass."—*Zacharias ix. 9.*

NOW, Sion, take your fill of joy,
Be happy and behold;
A prophecy is come to pass,
Your King comes, riding on an ass,
As Zachary foretold.

Upon the morrow it befell,
As from the mountain's crown
They drew near to Jerusalem,
That shone below like a cut gem,
Our Lord called two, and facing them
Showed them a little town.

"Within that village you will find
An ass tied up (said He),
And her colt tethered by her side,
Whereon no man did ever ride;
Loose them and bring them Me.

"And if that any man shall say,
'Why do you loose them so?'
Say that the Lord has need of them,
And he will let them go."

They went and found the beasts tied up,
At parting of the way,
Outside a gate; the standers-by
Cried out, "What do ye to untie
The colt?" They gave Our Lord's reply,
And no one said them nay.

They brought them to Our Blessed Lord,
And on the ass's back
They laid their clothes that He might sit,
And started down the track.

And as they drew down to the plains
The throng grew more and more;
They cast beneath the ass's feet
The coloured coats they wore,
And cut down branches from the palms
And strewed them all before.

O, many, many ran ahead,
And many ran behind,
And the whole happy crowd beset
The quiet foot of Olivet,
With shouts that filled the wind.

" Blessed (the cry rose like a flame)
Is He that comes in the Lord's name !"
And still as He went by,
" Hosanna !" All the sky was riven
With tongues triumphant: " Peace in Heaven,
Glory to God on high !"
So at Our Blessed Saviour's birth
The angel hosts sang " Peace on Earth,"
And men gave back that hymn of mirth,
Now He was come to die.

But little His disciples deemed
That He rode to His doom;
They thought He came to rule as King,
And spoke about the last great thing
He wrought, the marvellous summoning
Of Lazarus from his tomb.

And the grim Pharisees looked on,
And, " All is gone awry
(They said): the world runs after Him !"
And others angrily
Bade Our Lord bid the clamour cease,
But He said, " If these should hold their peace,
The very stones would cry !"

Now He drew near the city
That was His journey's goal,
And seeing it Our Saviour wept,
For He knew those dreaming turrets slept
In sin, like a lost soul.

And, " If thou hadst but known (He said),
And that in this thy day,
The things that would have won thee peace,
But thou hast turned thine eyes from these,
And they are hid away.

" And soon thy foes shall dig a trench,
A trench both deep and wide,
And hem thee in on every hand,
And hold thee fast inside,

" And lay thee flat upon the ground,
And all thy sons unblest,
They shall not leave thee stone on stone,
And this because thou hast not known
Who sought thee out to be His own
And would have been thy Guest."

# XXXII.

# Of the Last Supper; and of the First Sacrifice of the Mass

"For from the rising of the sun even to its setting, my name is great among the Gentiles: and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation. For my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."—*Malachias i. 11.*

NOW the True Sun was almost set,
For Christ must die next day;
And Thursday eve He chose for this—
To give the greatest gift there is,
The dearest token of our bliss,
The highest of all mysteries,
Before He went away.

Once more He saw the Old Law out
Before He gave the New;
The Twelve Apostles came to ask,
"Where will You that we eat the Pasch?"
And Our Lord chose out two,
Peter and John, and sent them down
From Olivet into the town,
And told them what to do.

"A man with a pitcher of water
Shall meet you as you go;
Follow him to his dwelling-place,
And enter in also.

"And to the house's lord say this:
'The Master saith to thee,
Where is the guest-chamber, that I
May come with all My company
And eat the Pasch?' Then he
Will show you, furnished fit and fair,
An upper room; make ready there
To eat the Pasch with Me."

Now all fell out as Christ foretold,
And when the hour did ring
They ate the Pasch. Then Christ Himself
Sat down, and the Apostles Twelve
Sat all about their King;
And, " With what longing was I led
To eat this Pasch with you (He said)
Before My suffering."

And then He laid His garments by,
Uprising from His seat;
And, with a towel girt about,
Into a bowl poured water out,
And washed the Apostles' feet;
And with the towel wiped them dry,
And left them clean and sweet.

To see Our Blessed Lord so low,
Peter could not abide,
" Lord, dost Thou wash My feet ?" he said,
And would have turned aside.

Said Christ, " Thou knowst not what I do,
Hereafter thou shalt see."
But, " Thou shalt never wash my feet
To all eternity !"
Said Peter (for his love forgot
It was not his to choose his lot).
Christ answered, " If I wash thee not
Thou hast no part in me."

" O Lord, not only wash my feet,
But wash my hands and head !"
Cried Peter. " He that washed hath been
Needs but his feet washed to be clean."
His Blessed Master said.

(And here He meant that, being washed
By baptism at our birth,
Our souls are clean from head to foot,
Yet while we walk the earth
We have to walk in human wise,
With mortal joys and miseries—
These are feet He laves and dries
To make them of more worth.

For man's true bliss is heaven above,
But in his pilgrim day
God (says St. Thomas) gives him bliss
In the right use of all that is,
And the right love of it, and this
Is called "the bliss of the way.")

"And you are clean," Our Lord went on,
"But yet not every one."
(For all the traitor's thoughts He read.)
Then He put on the clothes He shed,
And took His seat once more, and said,
"Know ye what I have done?

"You call Me Lord and Master,
And happily ye do,
For so I am; if then His seat
Your Lord foregoes to wash your feet
'Tis for a sign to you,
That you whose feet I wash Myself
Should wash each other's too."

(For this was ever Our Lord's way,
That when a deed was past
He taught its lesson. Now befell
The sweetest deed there is to tell
In this sweet Life, the miracle
Whose lesson is the last.)

For in His Hands adorable
Our Blessed Lord took Bread,
Looked up, and gave God thanks, and blessed
The bread, and broke it for each guest,
And gave it them, and said:

"This is My Body, take and eat."
And even as this was done,
He took the chalice, and anew
Gave thanks to God, and blessed it too,
And gave it to each one.

"This is My Blood. Take ye and drink;
And in My memory
Do this, for I shall drink no more

Of this wine's fruit (said He),
Till in My Father's Kingdom you
Drink it again with Me."

*  *  *  *  *  *

O Christ, Thy Church hath kept Thy word;
The Word she keeps, Thou art,
Who art the part of every soul,
And whole in every part;
Thou Who art all in all in heaven,
And all within my heart.

# XXXIII.

# How Our Blessed Lord foretold the Manner of His Betrayal

"Even the man of my peace, in whom I trusted, who ate my bread, hath exulted to trip me up."

*Psalm xl. 10.*

NOW sorrow fell upon Our Lord.
Listen, for you shall hear
Of Judas and his treachery,
And how Christ gave him chances three,
Yet none the better off was he,
For love, or shame, or fear.

Ever he hugged his hideous plan,
Even as he was fed
With Christ's own Body and His Blood,
And judgment, like a storm self-brewed,
Gathered above his head.

Then him whom love had failed to win
Christ sought to check by shame,
And showed He knew him to be bad,
Yet for the pity that He had
He did not name his name.

"Amen, amen, I say to you,"
Said Christ to all the Twelve,
"One of you shall betray Me." Woe
Struck the Eleven! Was it so?
Each thought he knew his heart, yet O,
If it should be himself!

Now the disciple Jesus loved
Upon His bosom leant,
And Peter, taken so to task
For his last speech, afraid to ask
What man His Master meant,
Beckoned St. John (for it was he
Whom Our Lord used so lovingly),
To ask whoever it might be
That had so base a bent.

And, " Lord, who is it ?" said St. John.
Said Jesus, " He to whom
I hand bread dipped." He dipped the bread
And gave it to Judas, whom no shred
Of love or loyalty or dread
Could hinder from his doom.
And, " What thou dost, do quickly," quoth
Our Blessed Lord; and, nothing loath,
The traitor, filled with fiendish wrath,
Got up and left the room.

Yet at the table no one knew
Why Judas went away;
Some guessed he went out almsgiving,
Or thought to buy some needful thing
For the great holiday.

But gone he was, and they were left,
And lest the Eleven should boast
They had been strong enough to stay,
Christ showed them they should fall away
(For if we trust ourselves we stray,
And he who strays is lost).
To Peter was this warning said,
For Peter's reckless heart Christ read,
And Peter was His Church's Head,
To whom was promised most.

So, " Simon, Simon," said Our Lord,
" Satan this boon hath won,
That he may sift you all like wheat,
And so it shall be done.

" But I have prayed for thee (said Christ)
That nought may quell thy faith,
And when thou hast come back to Me,
Strengthen thy brethren's fealty."
Then Peter, in a breath,
Vowed his invincible intent
To follow wheresoe'er Christ went,
To prison or to death.

" Amen, amen," replied Our Lord,
" Before the cock crows twice
This very night thou shalt deny
Thrice that thou knowst me." " No, not I,"
Quoth Peter, " though I needs must die !"
And all in some such wise
Vowed that no death, however grim,
Should daunt them. Then they sang a hymn,
And all went out, where dark and dim
Night thickened in the skies.

# XXXIV.

# Of the Agony in the Garden

"The King also himself went over the brook Cedron."—*II Kings xv. 23.*

NOW Our Lord went as He was wont,
Leaving the town to dream,
Out where the Cedron's waters fret
The sombre groves of Olivet,
For now the sun was wholly set
And not a single gleam
Lit the Eleven and Christ, as He
Led them in gloom of crag and tree
To a garden called Gethsemane
Which lay across the stream.

Now Judas knew the haunt of old,
And where they met at night,
Yet Our Lord bade the apostles stay
And wait there while He went to pray;
Then He took three, and went away
In the dark, out of sight.

So it was Peter, James, and John,
Who saw how bright His glory shone
In His Transfiguration,
Our Lord allowed to see
How as a Man He clung to breath,
And shrank from shame and pain and death,
And all this (as St. Bede well saith)
He bore for you and me;
For He was God, and could control
The anguish of His human soul,
Who chose for us to feel the whole
Of mortal misery.

"Sorrowful even unto death
Is My soul," said Our Lord.
"Sit you down here, and watch and pray,
Lest tempted you may go astray."
Then further up the sward,

A stone's-throw from their resting-place,
He knelt and fell upon His face,
And prayed as one who prays for grace
To face a doom abhorred.

And, " Father," prayed God's Blessed Son,
As one less than divine,
" All things are possible with Thee,
Suffer this cup to pass from Me,
And yet (He added steadfastly)
" Thy will be done, not Mine."

Then He sought Peter, James, and John,
Whom fast asleep He found.
" Peter," said Christ, " hast thou no power
To watch with Me, no, not one hour ?
Watch, then, and pray " (for sins devour
The soul in slumber drowned);
" And, O (He said), how prompt and quick
Thy spirit; but thy flesh how weak !"
The three apostles did not speak,
But sat without a sound.

A second time He went to pray,
Upon His Passion's brink—
" If this cup may not pass away
(He said) unless I drink,
Thy will be done." And with this prayer
Our Saviour taught us how to bear
Shame, pain, and death, and whatsoe'er
From which our spirits shrink.

Again He sought the apostles three,
Who slumbered as before,
For sorrow weighed their eyelids down,
And He left them, and went back alone,
And knelt and prayed once more.

Saying, " My Father, if Thou wilt,
Put Me this cup away;
Yet not My will but Thine be done."
Then, out of God's high garrison,
There came an angel, some such one
As guards us night and day,

And strengthened Him whose simple thought
Made all the seraphim of nought,
But in His Manhood only sought
To suffer and obey.

But He so suffered that His sweat
Ran down like drops of blood and wet
The hard ground, for He prayed on yet,
Being in agony.
Then He arose—below the hill
The three apostles slept on still,
And, " Sleep on now, and rest your fill;
It is enough," said He.

So for a while they slept, and then—
" The hour is come, and, lo!
The Son of Man shall be betrayed
To sinners' hands," their Master said;
" Rise up, and let us go."

And even as He spoke they came,
Trampling through the trees:
The traitor, Judas Iscariot,
And the servants and soldiers he had got
From the priests and Pharisees.

# XXXV.

# Of the Kiss of Judas; and of the Flight of the Eleven Disciples

"Strike the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered."—*Zacharias xiii. 7.*

THEY came with torch and lantern-light,
With swords and strong array.
Quoth Judas: "Whomsoe'er I kiss,
Seize on Him fast, for He it is,
And warily lead away."

And Judas strode before the rest.
"Hail, Master!" he cried,
And kissed Him. Still Christ strove to bend
That lost soul from its desperate end.
"Wherefore art thou come hither, friend?"
Trustfully He replied.

"O Judas, comest thou with a kiss
To give Me up to death?"
Then to the cohort in the rear
He said, "Whom seek ye?" Loud and clear
Rose the reply as they drew near,
"Jesus of Nazareth!"

But when Christ answered, "I am He,"
All to the ground were hurled.
O, if so grim a band could cower
Before His Godhead in that hour,
How shall sin shrivel when in power
He comes to judge the world!

Again He asked them whom they sought,
Again arose the call,
"Jesus of Nazareth!" "I am He,"
Christ answered; "if you seek but Me,
Suffer these others to go free."
And so he saved them all;
And none of the beloved Twelve,
Save Judas, who destroyed himself,
Shared in their Master's fall.

" Lord, shall we strike ?" they stoutly cried,
But Peter drew his sword
And cut off the High Priest's servant's ear
Who came to take Our Lord.

" Suffer ye thus far," said God's Son,
Swift to forgive and heal,
Then cured Malchus with a touch
And chid the apostle's zeal,
Bidding him lay his weapon by,
For whoso draws the sword shall die
The death he strives to deal.

" Can I not ask My Father,"
He said, " and if I sue,
Will He not send me legions twelve
Of His bright retinue,
Then how should the Scriptures be fulfilled,
And the prophecies come true ?"

And to the magistrates and priests,
And Jews of high degree,
" Are you come out to seek a thief
With swords and clubs ?" quoth He.
" Daily I taught in the Temple,
And you laid no hands on Me.

" But this is your hour," He added,
" And the hour of the power of ill."
Then the helmeted Romans seized their prey,
And they bound Him with ropes, the Jews and they,
And all the disciples fled away,
As they led Him down the hill.

# XXXVI.

# How Our Lord came to the House of Caiphas

"I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them: I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me and spat upon me."—*Isaias l. 6.*

NOW Peter followed afar off,
The soldiers went before;
At Annas' house the first stop was,
And the next was the house of Caiphas,
And herein Peter could not pass,
But waited at the door.

But one disciple clung to Christ,
And the portress let him through,
And he (maybe it was St. John)
Spoke to the portress, and thereon
She let in Peter too.

To the innermost hall they led Our Lord,
Where the council was to hold,
A council of Scribes and Pharisees,
And priests, evil and old.
But Peter, craven and cowed, stopped short,
And stayed below with a menial sort
Who had kindled a fire in the outer court,
For the night had turned in cold.

Within, false witnesses were called
To trap Our Lord with lies,
And many a wicked word and deed
They laid to His charge, yet none agreed
With the tale of his fellow-spies.

And last came two. "This Man," they said,
"Boasted that He could raze
The Temple of God that was made by men,
And without man's aid rebuild it again
In a matter of three days."

Then said the High Priest, rising up,
" Answerest Thou nought to these ?
What of the charges that they bring ?"
But Our Lord scorned their slandering,
And held His peace.

But Caiphas measured his mute prey
As a shearer eyes a lamb;
" By the living God I adjure Thee show
If Thou art the Christ, God's Son, or no ?"
Said Our Blessed Lord, " I am.

" Nevertheless, I say to you
That you shall see the hour
When the Son of Man shall come on high,
Seated in the clouds of the sky,
On the right hand of God's power."

Then Caiphas rent his garments.
" Lo, He blasphemes !" he saith.
" What have we need of witnessing !
You hear ! What think you of the thing ?"
And their voices rose with a savage ring,
Sentencing Him to death.

They spat in His face, and struck His cheeks
With the palms of evil hands.
" Prophesy, Christ ! Come, let us know
Who was the man that struck that blow ?"
And all the while in the court below,
With the servants and armed bands,
Shrinking from what the hours might send,
St. Peter waited to see the end
In the glow of the red brands.

# XXXVII.

# How Peter denied his Master

"He shall deny him, and shall say: I know thee not."—*Job viii. 18.*

NOW the portress scanned his face by the blaze
And Peter held his breath.
"You, too," she said, "are one of the friends
Of Jesus of Nazareth."

But Peter denied before them all—
"I know not what you say."
Then the cock crew, the first long crow
That tells of the new day;
And Peter rose and made for the gate,
Thinking to get away.

But even as he reached the gate
A second maiden cried
To the crowd sitting in the light
Of the clear blaze inside,
"This man was with Jesus of Nazareth!"
And once more he denied;

And went back, saying with an oath
That he knew not the man.
And then an hour passed wretchedly;
Day dawned, and the fire began to die,
And the priests from the inner room went by,
When a third voice began—

The voice of a kinsman of Malchus,
On whom he drew his sword—
"Did I not see thee (said the voice)
In the garden with thy lord?"
Quoth another, "Simple it is to see
That thou art of Christ's own company,
For the speech of the men of Galilee
Betrayeth thine every word."

Then Peter began to curse and swear.
" I know not the man," he said.
And a second cock-crow shattered the gloom,
And out of the empty council-room
Our Blessed Lord was led.

Turning, He looked on Peter,
Into whose heart there leapt
The end foretold to his peerless pride,
The crowing cock, and his Lord denied.
It had come to pass, then ! He went outside,
And bitterly he wept.

# XXXVIII.

# How Pontius Pilate heard the News of the Kingdom

"But in the days of those kingdoms the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed: and his kingdom shall not be delivered to another people. And it shall break in pieces and shall consume all these kingdoms: and itself shall stand for ever."—*Daniel ii. 44.*

FRIDAY was come, and with broad day
Gathered that meeting grim
Of Scribes and Priests in their own hall,
And they led out Christ as a criminal,
Sleepless and spent before them all,
The portly Sanhedrim.

"Tell us," they said, "if Thou art Christ?"
But they did not seek to know
That they might worship the Son of God,
But to work His overthrow.
"If I told you you would not take My word,
Or answer My questions," said Our Lord,
"Nor would you let Me go."

And He told how the Son of Man should come
In the glory of God's power;
And speech of His Godhead sealed His doom,
For the whole assembly rose in the room
And led Him to Pilate's prætorium,
A court in a Roman tower.

But they went not into the governor's hall,
For thus their ritual ran—
They might not enter a Gentile roof
After their Feast began;
So Pilate came out to the Jews and asked:
"What have you against this man?"

" We should not have brought Him to thee," they cried,
" If He had done no wrong!"
" Take Him and judge Him among yourselves,"
Said the governor to the throng.
" We have no power," they snarled in a breath,
" For dooms that are matters of life and death
To the Roman law belong."

Back to his hall went Pilate.
" Art Thou the King of the Jews?"
Quoth he to Christ. Then said Our Lord:
" Sayest thou this of thine own accord,
Or merely as others use?"

" Am I a Jew?" said Pilate
(For he scorned them, every one).
" Who was it gave Thee up to me
But Thine own folk and priests?" said he,
And he added, " What hast Thou done?"

" My realm is not of this world," said Christ;
" If hence My realm might be,
Surely My followers would strive
From the Jews to set Me free.
But now My kingdom is not from hence."
Then Pilate pondered His hidden sense,
" Art Thou a king?" quoth he.

" Thou sayest," said Christ, " I am a king.
Into this world I came,
Born to bear witness to the truth,
And this is all My aim;
Whoso is of the truth gives heed
And hears My message." (For, indeed,
Our Lord is Truth in mortal weed—
Truth is God's other Name.)

" What is truth?" said Pilate,
And waited for no reply,
For he knew that the truth takes time to tell,
And without he heard the surge and swell
Seeking Our Lord, and He wished Him well,
And sought that He should not die.

Forth to the Jews He went. " I find
No fault in Him," said he.
But they held to their end: " He stirs up strife
Through all the land, and His lore is rife
From here to Galilee !"

" Comes He from Galilee ?" Pilate asked,
And still loath to condemn
Our Lord, he had Him led away
To Herod, for King Herod lay
Those days in Jerusalem.

Now Herod was glad of a sight of Christ,
For ever he longed to see
The signs that the Son of God had done,
And now was a chance to look on one !
And he plied Him with questions from his throne,
But never a word said He;
And the chief priests and the scribes stood round,
Accusing Him steadfastly.

Then Herod joined with his men-at-arms
To mock Him with spiteful mirth,
And he dressed Him up in a dazzling gown,
For scorn of His royal birth.

And he sent Him back to Pilate,
With whom he had been at odds,
And henceforth the hapless pair made friends,
For evil with evil smoothly blends,
And the wicked do for the Devil's ends
What the good will not do for God's.

# XXXIX.

# How Our Blessed Lord suffered under Pontius Pilate

"But he was wounded for our iniquities: he was bruised for our sins. The chastisement of our peace was upon him: and by his bruises we are healed."
*Isaias liii. 5.*

THEN Pilate called the magistrates,
And the priests, and the whole throng;
And he said: "You brought this man to me
For leading the people wrong.

"Before you all have I questioned Him,
And I find you waste your breath,
Nought has He done that He should die,
And so King Herod saith;
For I sent you to Herod, and behold,
He doomed Him not to death.

"He shall be beaten and let go."
Now the Jews sought His life,
But this was the craven judge's plan,
"Enough for the Jews if I scourge the man."
Then, lo! as he sat on his high divan
Came a message from his wife:

"With this just man have nothing to do,
For many a thing this day
I have borne in a vision because of Him."
Then Pilate in sore dismay
Turned again to the hateful horde,
And tried again to release Our Lord,
But still in a crooked way.

Now Israel had an old custom
That at the Paschal Feast,
In memory of the days that were,
When from Pharao's hand God rescued her,
The people might choose a prisoner
From prison to be released.

And there lay in the Roman tower
A man of evil fame,
A robber, one of a desperate ring,
Who had slain a man in the last rising,
Barabbas was his name.
" Would they Barabbas ?" Pilate asked,
" Or Christ ?" He trusted that so tasked
They would choose Christ, for shame.

" Barabbas," whispered priest and scribe,
" Barabbas !" the crowd cried.
" What then," said Pilate, " shall befall
Jesus, called Christ ?" Said one and all,
" Let Him be crucified !"

" What harm," said Pilate, " has He done ?"
Savagely they replied,
Scorning the judge who stopped to plead,
Swift to pass sentence in his stead,
" Let Him be crucified."

When Pilate saw they raged the more,
And he prevailed no whit,
He called for water, washed his hands,
And cried out, " I am quit
And guiltless of this good man's blood;
Look you yourselves to it."

" On us His blood (the people cried)
And on our children be !"
And then Barabbas' self emerged,
And while the crowd about him surged,
Pilate took Christ and had Him scourged
To wounds most wantonly.

And the soldiers wove a crown of thorns
And set it on His head,
And they clothed Him in a purple cloak
Over His wounds all red,
And they thrust a reed in His right hand,
And knelt to Him and said:

" Hail, King of the Jews !" For scorn
They knelt, each on his knee;
And they spat on Him and took the reed

And struck His Head, and He,
Broken and bleeding, now began
To look like a worm and no man,
As spake the prophecy.

Then Pilate went out once again
To the waiting crowd below.
" I will bring Him to you now," said he,
" For I find He has done no villainy,
And that I would have you know."
So Our Lord came forth in the purple cloak,
And the crown of thorns, and Pilate spoke,
" Behold the Man !" for he thought the folk
Would surely let Him go.

But when the priests and people looked
On blood-stained face and limb,
Again the cry of " Crucify !"
Rose from the great crowd's rim,
And Pilate, sick at heart, agreed:
" Take Him yourselves, and do the deed;
I find no fault in Him."

" We have a law," they answered,
" By that law He should die,
For He said that He was God's Son." Great dread
Seized upon Pilate, back he sped
To Our Blessed Lord, and, " Whence (he said)
Art thou come ?" There was no reply.

" Speak'st not to me ?" said Pilate.
" Knowest Thou not," said he,
" I have power to have Thee crucified,
And power to set Thee free ?"
" No power over Me hast thou save this,"
Said the Son of God, " that from Heaven is;
Therefore the greater sin is his
Who hath given Me up to thee."

For this the governor sought still more
To let Our Saviour go.
" If," cried the Jews, " Thou set'st Him free,
Then all the world will know
Thou'rt not of Cæsar's following,
For if He calls Himself a king,
Then He is Cæsar's foe."

Then Pilate had Our Lord brought forth
For fear what folk might say,
And he sat upon his dais alone—
Lithostratos, the place of stone,
In Hebrew, Gabbatha;
It was the Parasceve of the Pasch,
Two hours before midday.

They clad Our Lord in His own clothes,
The Crown of Thorns He wore.
" Behold your king !" said Pilate still;
Again arose the roar:
" Hence with Him ! Have Him crucified !"
" Shall I crucify your king ?" he cried,
And the crowd clamoured the more.

" We have no king but Cæsar,"
He heard the chief priests say;
Then He gave up the Son of God
And the soldiers led Him away.
Carrying His own cross went He
Forth to a place called Calvary,
In Hebrew, Golgotha.

# XL.

# Of the Way of the Cross

"For a cloud overshadowed their camp, and where water was before, dry land appeared, and in the Red Sea a way without hinderance, and out of the great deep a springing meadow."—*Wisdom xix. 7.*

ONLY a thousand steps to go,
But O, so hard to tread;
Only a thousand steps to go
Until He should be dead.
The Roman soldiers went before,
The Jews behind, and Jesus bore
The cross upon His back, and wore
The thorns upon His head.

The first time that He stumbled
Was in the city lane;
They dragged Him bleeding to His feet,
And cursed with might and main,
And steadied the cross upon His back,
And on they went again.

Then like a cloud of pity
He saw Our Lady stand
Among the people, yet apart,
And the Fourth Sword was in her heart,
Though she could not touch His hand.

Then the soldiers seized a stranger,
New come into the place,
And made him carry the Cross of Christ,
For they saw in Our Lord's face
That He would not live to be crucified,
But they did Him so much grace.

So Simon of Cyrene
Bore Our Lord's Cross, the Ark
That saves the world, the wondrous wood
Wherein the blest embark;

And Simon saw the Truth was true,
And loved the Loveliness he knew,
And in good time his children too,
We read of in St. Mark.

Then from her house Veronica,
At her high window set,
Saw the immortal face of Christ
Clotted with blood and sweat,
And came out, bravely, in her grief,
And wiped it with her handkerchief,
Which for a sign of her belief
Bears Our Lord's visage yet.

Then Jesus fell a second time,
And ever as He rose
The great crowd pressing in the rear
Sobbed, and the women standing near
Wept and bewailed His woes.

" O daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep not for Me, but shed
Tears for your children and yourselves
In the dark days ahead,
When men shall say her lot is good
Who never knew of motherhood
Or nursed a child," He said.

" They shall start crying to the hills,
' Hide us !' and to the high
Peaks of the mountains, ' Fall on us !'
In the days that are drawing nigh;
For if in the green wood this is done,
What shall be done in the dry ?"

(Now, the green wood was Christ Himself,
Life's very root and stem;
And the dry wood the faithless Jews,
Who had no life in them.
Swift to their end His torments ran,
In two-score years their doom began,
When Titus, son of Vespasian,
Ploughed up Jerusalem.)

Now once again Our Lord fell down,
Again they dragged Him up;
And then they were come to Calvary,
And they offered Him wine and gall that He
Might suffer His Passion drowsily,
But He did but touch the cup.

And then they set about His death:
The soldiers stripped Him bare,
And He stood in the welter of His wounds
In the keen upland air.
Two thieves were brought to share His plight,
One on the left, one on the right,
And they crucified Him there.

# XLI.

# How the King was Crucified

"O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow: for he hath made a vintage of me."—*Lamentations i. 12.*

O LOVE, Thy breadth, length, depth, and height,
What mortal ever knew,
Till Thou wast stretched upon the cross
For all the world to view!
"Father, forgive them," said Our Lord,
"For they know not what they do."

They reared the cross in the hard rock
Whereon He was outspread,
And Pilate had written a title out,
And they set it above His head,
And the crowd looked, "Jesus of Nazareth,
King of the Jews," they read.

In Latin, Hebrew, and in Greek,
It named the King of Peace,
Who should reign from the tree of Calvary
When the Roman rule should cease,
And worship from the Jews depart,
And wisdom die from Greece.

"Write not 'The King of the Jews,' Pilate,"
Said the chief priests; "write instead
That He called Himself the King of the Jews."
But a hidden guidance led
The Roman: "What I have written
I have written," he sternly said.

Four soldiers crucified Our Lord,
And when the deed was done
They shared His clothes, all but His coat,
That without seam was spun,
And for the coat the four cast lots,
That he might keep who won.

They sat and watched Him. Passers-by
On the road stood at gaze,
Blasphemed and wagged their heads, and said,
" Ah, Thou that thoughtst to raze
God's holy Temple to the ground,
And build it in three days,

" Save Thou Thyself ! Come from the cross !"
They girded and were gone:
But the priests and scribes and rulers stood
Mocking Our Lord upon the rood,
And the mute crowd looked on.

" Lo, He saved others, but Himself
He cannot save ! O King,
Come from the cross that we may see
Thy wonders and believe in Thee !"
And they filled the air about the tree
With their foul slandering.

The very robbers half-way dead
Joined in the cry. The left one said,
Bitter and blasphemous:
" He trusted God, let God come down
And save Him if He wants His own !
Succour Thyself and us !"

But he upon the right replied,
As heaven's grace gave him skill,
" Hast thou no fear of God on high,
Seeing we three are bound to die,
We two for wrong most righteously,
But He for nothing ill !"

Then to God's Son he turned him,
Out of his heart spake he,
For torture held his hands and feet,
But heart and tongue were free:
" When Thou art come to Thy kingdom,
O Lord, remember me."

" Amen," answered Our Saviour,
" I say to thee this day
Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise,"
For already Heaven lay
Like a prize within His wounded hands
For His pity to give away.

# XLII.

# How Our Blessed Lady stood by the Cross of Jesus

"To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? For great as a sea is thy sorrow."—*Lamentations ii. 13.*

NOW there stood by the cross of Jesus
His Mother and Maries twain—
Mary, the wife of Cleophas,
And Mary Magdalen—
And John, the disciple Jesus loved;
Through a Red Sea it seemed they moved
'Twixt wall and wall of pain.

Woe for Our Blessed Lady,
She who could never err;
She saw man's sin and all its cost,
She saw that souls would yet be lost,
She saw because He loved her most,
He suffered most for her.

And the Fifth Sword of Simeon
Pierced her that bitter tide;
Mournfuller was there none on earth,
For the pains that she knew not at His birth
Beset her as He died.

"Woman, behold thy son," said Christ,
And He gave her to St. John;
And, "Son, behold thy Mother," said He,
And she saw the span of her life to be
When He was dead and gone.

For He gave her not to John alone,
And Mary knew His mind,
And the whole world that caused His smart
She took straight to her martyred heart,
The Mother of mankind.

The noon lagged on. High on the rood
The end was drawing nigh;
Then dusk came down, the sun grew dark,
And from the cross the cry,
" My God, My God, wherefore hast Thou
Forsaken Me ?" rose blindly now,
Like a voice under a torrent's flow,
Drowning in agony.

And yet the souls He died to save
Would scorn His sufferings !
And He cried, " I thirst !" O thirst of God,
To draw all living to Thy rood,
For this Thou wast thirsting in Thy blood,
As a hart for the water-springs.

Then one ran up and took a sponge
And steeped it in a jar,
And bound it on a hyssop-rod,
And gave it to Christ, and the Son of God
Drank gall and vinegar.

Then He said, " It is finished."
God's words had all come true:
Satan was foiled and man forgiven,
And Love had turned the hinges of heaven,
And in seven shafts through the darkness riven
The light came streaming through.

" Father, into Thy hands," cried Christ
(Not like a man foredone,
But gloriously by His own power sped),
" I commend My spirit." He bowed His head
And gave up the ghost. The Romans said,
" This was indeed God's Son."

Then the great veil of the Temple
That hung in Jerusalem,
Two-and-seventy squares of gold
That hid the things that none might behold,
Was torn from top to hem.

The earth quaked, and the rocks were rent,
The gaping graves restored

Their sleeping saints to the common air,
And out of the tombs folk watched them fare
To the city, and many saw them there
At the rising of Our Lord.

And the centurion who stood
By the cross for the power of Rome
Glorified God. But the multitude,
Who had flocked for the sight's sake round the rood,
Beating their breasts went home.

# XLIII.

# How the Body of Christ was laid in the Holy Sepulchre; and how His Soul descended into Hell

"In that day, the root of Jesse, who stands for an ensign of the people, him the Gentiles shall beseech: and his sepulchre shall be glorious."—*Isaias xi. 10.*

SADLY the women lingered
Apart from the great press—
Salome, mother of James and John,
And the mother of James the Less,
And Mary Magdalen. Through the worst
The women stayed where no man durst,
So when Christ rose they saw Him first,
For their great faithfulness.

Evening set in. Then came the Jews
To Pilate, and said they,
"No corpse should hang upon the tree
On our high sabbath day;
Have the legs broken of all three
And bear them hence away."

To Calvary the soldiers came,
That place of dole and dread;
The legs of both the thieves they broke,
But, as it was foresaid,
They did not deal so with Our Lord,
He was already dead.

Only a soldier with a spear
Opened Our Saviour's side,
And water flowed therefrom and blood.
So as He slumbered on the rood,
Like Adam in his solitude,
Was born the Church, His Bride;

For from Christ's Body, pierced and spent,
Flow mystery and sacrament,
And the Faith draws her high descent
Which lives because He died.

Now this last wound He did not feel,
For He was dead, Our Lord.
Only Our Lady felt its glance
Deep in her soul, that ruthless lance,
The thrust of the Sixth Sword.

Then Joseph of Arimathæa,
One of the Sanhedrim,
Who had not shared their evil aim,
But followed Christ, though not in name,
Boldly to Pontius Pilate came
And begged a boon of him.

He begged the Body of Our Lord,
And Pilate gave the boon,
First seeking the centurion's word
That Christ was dead, for wonder stirred
The heart of Pilate when he heard
That He was dead so soon.

Then Joseph bought fine linen
To wrap Christ's Body round,
And Nicodemus (he who sought
Our Lord at nightfall to be taught)
Came too, and myrrh and aloes brought,
Close on a hundred pound.

They lowered Him in Our Lady's lap
As the last daylight fled;
They wrapped Him in His winding-sheet
And strewed the folds with spices sweet,
As the Jews do for their dead.

And now the sun was well-nigh set,
And they must all be gone,
For they might not work on the sabbath day,
And the sabbath day drew on.
But there was a garden near at hand
On Joseph of Arimathæa's land,
With a sepulchre of stone.

And here they laid Our Blessed Lord
Upon a rocky shelf,
Whereon no man was ever laid,
For the rich Jew had had it made
Sumptuously for himself.

Our Blessed Lady looked her last,
And turned her to be gone,
And the Seventh Sword was in her soul,
As she went back with St. John.

They rolled a great stone to the door
And went their dreary way.
Only two other Maries came
To look where Jesus lay,
And sought the city with wet eyes,
To see about more balm and spice
Before the sabbath day.

To Pilate on the next day's feast
Came many a Pharisee and priest
With yet a new device.
" We have bethought us, sir," they cried,
" That that Seducer prophesied,
While yet He lived, that, when He died,
In three days He would rise.

" Command, then, that His tomb be watched
Till the third day is sped,
Lest His friends steal Him craftily,
And to the crowd give out that He
Is risen from the dead."

" You have a guard, guard Him yourselves,"
Said Pilate. They went out
And sealed the stone that blocked the tomb,
And set a watch about.

They watched the Body of Our Lord
With sword and sentinel,
But to the shades His Soul was gone,
To loose the dead who lingered on,
Where, till His resurrection,
Even the good must dwell:
" Thou with Thy promised blood hast quit
Thy captives from the thirsty pit,"
Said Zachary; and so happened it,
The Harrowing of Hell.

# XLIV.

# How Our Blessed Lord rose again from the Dead; and how the Holy Women came to the Sepulchre

"He shall cast death headlong down for ever. And the Lord God shall wipe away tears from every face."—*Isaias xxv. 8.*

THE sabbath waned, the night rolled on,
And in the mirk and gloom
Salome and the Maries twain
With spice and balm went back again
From Bethany to the tomb.

The gloaming lifted round their track,
And day began to stir,
And as they went the three made moan
With, "Who shall roll us back the stone
That guards the sepulchre?"

O, come with faith for Him Who lives,
Not balm for Him Who died!
The Virgin's Son is blithely risen,
Though the seal stands upon His prison,
And guards on every side.

There came an angel from on high,
While the earth shook below,
He rolled the stone back from the tomb
And sat in a great glow;
Lightning for brightness was his face,
And his dress like driven snow.

For fear of him the guards fell down,
And like dead bodies stayed,
But to the women he replied:
"You seek Him Who was crucified—
Jesus. Be not afraid.

He is not here, He is not dead,
For He is risen, as He said.
Come, look where He was laid.

" Go, tell to His disciples,
And tell to Peter, too,
That He to Galilee is gone
Before you all; and there anon
You shall behold Him everyone,
As He foretold to you."

Salome and Mary Cleophas
Fled from the tomb forthright,
And naught to any man they said,
So sore was their affright.

But Mary Magdalen fled first,
Nor stayed to hear and see
When once she knew the stone was gone,
And she sought St. Peter and St. John
In the town hastily.

Then Joan, King Herod's steward's wife,
And other women, four or five,
Came with their scented freight.
The same thing happened as before:
They saw the stone rolled from the door,
For it was very great.

And while they looked and marvelled still,
Two men in shining guise
Stood close at hand and, " Why," they said,
" Seek you the living with the dead ?"
They were afraid; each hung her head,
And dropped her dazzled eyes.

And then they heard the selfsame news,
And who so glad as they !
But meanwhile Magdalen had sped
Townwards, and, " From the tomb," she said,
" The Lord is borne away;
And whither they have borne Him, none
Has any knowledge." Then St. John
And Peter started out to run
On the road to Golgotha.

# XLV.

# How John and Peter came to the Garden; and how Our Blessed Lord appeared to St. Mary Magdalen

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin: and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold; and not another. This my hope is laid up in my bosom."—*Job xix. 25-27.*

NOW Peter was by John outrun,
And John was first to win
The sepulchre, and stooping down
He saw the linen laid alone,
But yet he went not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter,
And he went in apace;
He saw the linen laid aside,
And the cloth wherein Christ's head was tied
Not set the other cloths beside,
But wrapt up in one place.

Then John went into the sepulchre,
And he saw and believed
(For they knew not yet the Scripture said
That Christ must rise up from the dead);
Back to Jerusalem they sped,
But Magdalen stayed and grieved.

And as she wept she bent her head
And looked inside the tomb,
And she saw two angels clad in white,
Shimmering in the gloom,

One at the head, one at the feet,
Where Our Lord's Body lay,
"Woman, why weepest thou?" they said.
"My Lord is borne away,
And where He is I do not know,"
Was all her grief could say.

(So lightly thinks a loving soul
That all men living share
Some knowledge of her only thought,
Some inkling of her care.)
And as she spoke she turned about,
And Christ was standing there.

" Woman, why weepest thou ?" said Christ,
" Whom seekest thou ?" and she
Knew not who stood and spoke to her,
But took Him for the gardener,
And answered tearfully:

" Sir, tell me where He is, if thou
Hast taken Him away,
And I will bear Him thence." Then He
Called her by name and said, " Mary !"
And she made answer, " Rabboni !"
(Master, that is to say).

But, " Do not touch Me," said Our Lord,
" For I am not yet gone
Up to My Father; rather go,
Seek out the brethren, let them know
That I shall fare anon
Up to My Father, and to thine,
Aloft to your God and to Mine,
In My Ascension."

Now (says Augustine) who can be
So foolish as to feign
That Our Lord shunned the woman's touch,
When God's own word says plain
That later on both companies
Of women fell upon their knees,
And held His feet, and one of these
Was Mary Magdalen ?

Rather He sought to raise her love
Still higher things to see,
Lest she should weep His face withdrawn,
For God made Man, of Mary born,
Held none of womankind in scorn,
But used them generously.

Now at His bidding they took back
Their tidings to the town;
But " Idle tales !" the apostles said.
Meanwhile the soldiers woke and fled,
And told what happened with great dread
To the high priests alone.

Then the priests called a council,
And bade the soldiers say:
" We slept, and His disciples came
And stole their Lord away."
And being bribed, with one accord
The soldiers blazed that lie abroad,
Which Jews believe to-day.

But we believe Our Lord arose,
And that He lives we know;
For God is just, and high above
He sets the saints who for His love
Humble them here below;
And Christ arose that faith might reign,
For if He be not risen again,
Then all our preaching is in vain,
And vain our faith also.

And Christ arose to give us hope,
For all is dark and drear
If this is false, and they who fell
Asleep in Him unwakened dwell,
And we who of His Heaven foretell
Are of all men most miserable,
If all our hope ends here.

But Christ arose, and we with Christ,
Dead to ourselves, live on;
With Him our flesh is crucified,
Our baseness buried by His side;
We rise from sin because He died,
And from the day He shone
Living, to die no more, our dust
Is quickened with immortal trust,
To share the glory of the just,
The Resurrection.

# XLVI.

# How Our Blessed Lord overtook Two Disciples on the Road to Emmaus

"Then they that feared the Lord spoke every one with his neighbour: and the Lord gave ear and heard it. And a book of remembrance was written before him for them that fear the Lord and think upon his name. And they shall be my special possession, saith the Lord of hosts."—*Malachias iii. 16, 17.*

NOW tossed about 'twixt trust and doubt,
Half faithful, half forsworn,
Dwelt the disciples of God's Son;
Only Our Lady waited on,
Wise and unwavering, and St. John
Had shared her hope since morn.

But two disciples set out north
The noontide of that day;
One of the two was Cleophas,
But who his fellow-traveller was
The Scripture does not say.
'Twas for Emmaus they were bent,
Seven miles and more away.

They talked together on the road
Of Christ upon the Tree;
And while they threshed the matter out
Christ overtook them, but their doubt
Knew not that it was He.
They loved Him, but their faith was dim,
And even so they looked on Him,
And saw, but did not see.

"What do you speak of," said Our Lord,
"Together as you go?
And why are you so sad?" He said
(For they were steeped in woe).

" Are you a pilgrim in the place
And all alone (said Cleophas),
That what has happened these last days
You do not even know ?"

Then, " What has happened ?" said Our Lord.
They answered in a breath:
" It is the Prophet, He Who wrought
God's marvels, and the people taught—
Jesus of Nazareth;
Our priests and princes had Him tried
And gave Him to be crucified,
And got Him put to death.

" And we were hoping it was He
Should ransom Israel;
Now, to crown all, three days have passed
Since all these things befell;
And certain women of our train,
Who sought His body, but in vain,
At daybreak startled us again
With the strange tale they tell.

" They said His Body was not there
But angels in His place
Told them He was alive. Our folk
Went to the sepulchre to look,
And found it empty as they spoke,
But of Himself no trace."

" O, slow and slothful," said Our Lord,
" To heed the prophet's call;
Was not the Christ to suffer this
And thuswise enter into bliss ?"
And then He showed them all—
Each sage a seer, from Moses on,
Who taught the coming of God's Son,
And deeds that should befall.

Thus they drew near the little town
The two set out to win.
Our Blessed Lord, it seemed, would fain
Go further. " Day is on the wane,

And night will soon begin.
Stay with us !" they besought, and He
Had pity on their urgency,
And all three entered in.

And then it came to pass, when Christ
Was with them at the board,
Once more He took bread, blessed it, brake
And gave it them; they did but take,
And, lo ! their eyes were wide awake,
And knew their King adored.
Such sight to longing souls is lent
Who in His Holy Sacrament
Receive Our Blessed Lord.

He vanished from their happy gaze.
But, " O, upon the road,
Were not our hearts on fire (they said)
Together as we trod,
And He beside us opening out
The hidden things of God !"

# XLVII.

# How the Sight of the Five Wounds of Christ cured the Unbelief of St. Thomas

"And they shall say to him: What are these wounds in the midst of thy hands? And he shall say: With these was I wounded in the house of them that loved me."—*Zacharias xiii. 6.*

BACK to Jerusalem apace
The two disciples strode,
And in they went, and told the rest
What happened on the road,
And how they knew not Him Who spoke
Until the bread was blessed and broke;
But none believed them, all Christ's folk
In doubt and grief abode.

Yet Peter too had seen Our Lord
Betimes, as says St. Paul;
And some saints say Our Lady won
The first sight of Her Blessed Son,
Yet now His followers all
Lingered at meat to mourn and muse,
With the door shut for fear of the Jews,
Some hours beyond nightfall.

Lo! in the midst of them stood Christ.
"Peace be to you," He said;
"Fear not, for it is I." Amazed
They sat and looked, each thought he gazed
At the spirit of one dead.

"Why are you troubled? Why do thoughts
Within your hearts arise?
Look at My hands and feet (said He);
It is Myself, handle and see.
Has a ghost flesh and bones like Me
You have before your eyes?"

And saying this, He showed His side,
And showed His hands and feet.
But they unfaithful marvelled still,
Then, " Have you aught to eat ?"
He said. They set before Him straight
Broiled fish and honeycomb. He ate,
And gave the rest to those who sat
In joy about His seat.

" Peace be to you," once more said He;
" Even as the Father hath sent Me,
So I send you." Straightway
He breathed upon that happy host,
And said, " Receive the Holy Ghost."
So the first breath of Pentecost
Stirred in their souls that day.

" And whoso's sins you shall forgive,
They are forgiven," said He ;
" And whoso's sins you shall retain,
They are retained." O, see,
The apostle lends his voice and limb,
The Holy Spirit uses him,
And no defect of his can dim
God's grace and mystery.

Now Thomas was not with the rest
These wonders to behold,
And when his fellows brought him word
That they had seen Our Blessed Lord,
He scorned the tale they told.

For God let Thomas doubt the truth
That we might firmer cleave.
" Unless the nail-prints in His hands
(Said Thomas) I perceive,
And put my fingers where they bide,
And set my hand into His side,
Then I will not believe !"

Eight days went by, and once again
Gathered Christ's folk anew,
And Thomas with them; every door
Was shut and bolted as before,
When Christ stood in the midst once more,
And said, " Peace be to you."

Then, " Thomas, put thy finger here,
And see My hands (O nails and spear,
How deep your wounds and wide !),
And hither reach thy hand (said He)
And set it in My side, and be
Not faithless, but believe in Me."
Then Thomas answered joyously,
" My Lord and God !" he cried.

" Since thou hast seen Me, Thomas,
Thou hast believed," Christ said;
" Blessed are they that have not seen,
And have believed." O, led
By light unfailing, may our eyes,
Which hold a hope the world denies,
See His Five Wounds in Paradise,
When we rise from the dead !

For Christ the King shall keep His wounds,
And Heaven shall yet unfold
Death's Conqueror in the spoils of death
Clad glorious to behold,
With the five jewels of His fight
Set in immortal gold.

O saving scars which healed the faith
Of all the apostles ten !
O wounds the eleventh saw and touched,
Who did but doubt till then !
Still by His Father's throne enskyed
Christ shows His hands and feet and side,
And pleads the piteous death He died
To save the souls of men.

And when He comes to deal out doom,
And all is lost or won,
The good will see how dearly bought
Was every gift and grace they sought
Through God's Incarnate Son.
The bad shall stand without reply
When the Five Wounds of Christ shall cry:
" What could Love do for you that I
Your Saviour left undone ?"

# XLVIII.

# How St. Peter was given Charge of the Flock of Christ

"For behold I have made thee this day a fortified city and a pillar of iron and a wall of brass, over all the land, to the kings of Juda, to the princes thereof, and to the people and the priests of the land. And they shall fight against thee and shall not prevail: for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

*Jeremias i. 18, 19.*

IT was by the Sea of Tiberias
St. Peter's charge befell.
There were Peter and Thomas Didymus,
And the wise Nathanael,
And the two sons of Zebedee.
Now all these five stood by the sea,
And another two as well.

Said Peter, "I go a-fishing."
"We too," his fellows cried;
But all night long they cast their nets
Vainly on every side;
And at daybreak in a form unknown
They saw Our Lord standing alone
At the edge of the grey tide.

Then, "Have you aught to eat, children?"
He called across the sea.
"No," said the seven who toiled all night.
"Let down your net on the boat's right
And you shall find," quoth He.
They let their net down at His wish,
And they could not draw it up for the fish
That filled it instantly.

"'Tis the Lord," said John to Peter.
Then Peter flung his coat
Fair round his naked body,
And leapt from the fishing-boat.

'Twas a hundred yards to wade to the shore,
And the ship followed with sail and oar,
Trailing the net like lead;
The seven landed and left the shoal,
And there on the beach was a fire of coal
With a fish thereon, and bread.

" Bring hither some of your last catch,"
Said Christ. Down to the sea
Went Peter and drew the net to land,
And the great fish lay on the yellow sand—
A hundred and fifty-three.

Never a rent in the trusty net,
For this fishing the Fathers say
Has a double meaning to faith unfurled—
The edge of the sea is the end of the world,
And bliss is the quiet bay;
And Our Blessed Lord is within our reach
When St. Peter draws our souls to the beach,
For the brimming net without break or breach
Is the Church on the Last Day.

Now Our Lord fed His seven saints,
For ever God bestows
Great courtesies upon His friends
And favours no man knows.
(This was the third day Christ was seen
Since from the dead He rose.)

Then He turned Him: " Simon, son of John,
Lov'st thou Me more than these ?"
" Yea, Lord, Thou know'st I love Thee,"
Said the Keeper of the Keys.
Then, " Feed My lambs," his Master said
(For to guard Christ's flock and see it fed,
This task is Charity's).

Again the question and reply,
Again the bidding fell,
And yet a third time, " Lov'st thou Me ?"
Then Peter said downheartedly,
For sooth he loved Christ well:

" Lord, Thou know'st everything ! Thou know'st
I love Thee !" Look, he did not boast
This time or say he loved Christ most,
For that he could not tell.

" Feed My sheep," said the Son of God.
So Peter's charge began—
His was the care of all Christ's flock,
His were the keys to loose and lock,
He was to last, the unfailing Rock,
Down all the ages' span:
And still Christ's Shepherd rules alone,
In Peter's place on Peter's throne.
There is no worship but his own,
One priesthood and one altar-stone,
As says St. Cyprian.

Then Christ foretold St. Peter's death,
How bound his hands should be
And stretched out in a fearful doom;
And sure enough in time to come
Peter was crucified at Rome
Head downwards on a tree.
So he who first Our Lord confessed,
Whom Christ Himself bade rule the rest,
Obeyed His first and last behest,
And that was, " Follow Me."

# XLIX.

# Of the Ascension of Our Blessed Lord

"Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in."—*Psalm xxiii. 7.*

THREE evils keep the world from God—
Pride, Ignorance, and Dread.
Pride thinks to serve its own vain turn,
And Ignorance is loath to learn,
Dread doubts the love man cannot earn,
So many are misled;
Yet none the less God reigns above,
In Power, in Wisdom, and in Love,
And save He wills, no wind can move
The hair of one man's head.

Power of the Father, heal Pride's ills,
For Thou art round us like the hills
Whose heights with all their clouds and rills
Hem in a tiny town.
O Wisdom, Who art God the Son,
By Thee our Ignorance is won
To wish its wickedness undone
When once Thy face is known.
O Love, Who art the Holy Ghost,
Comfort our Dread, for none is lost,
Howe'er so tired and tempest-tossed,
Who hath Thee for his own.

Now on the Galilean hills
They saw Our Lord, but dim,
For some yet doubted in their hearts,
Though all knelt down to Him.

But Christ drew near to the Eleven
And thus bespake: "All power is given
To Me (He said) in earth and heaven;

Go, then, from coast to coast,
Teaching and christening everyone,
In the Name of the Father and the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost.

" And whatsoe'er I bade you do
To all the world commend;
And lo, I am with you always,
Even to the ages' end."

O, many times not written down,
Our Blessed Lord in field and town
His dear disciples met;
Now forty days were passed and gone
After His Resurrection,
And they at meat were set;
And He chid them for the faithless parts
They played, and the hardness of their hearts,
For some were doubtful yet.

Yet once again what must be done
He told them, after He was gone,
For from Our Lord's Ascension
His Church's task begins;
And, " Starting at Jerusalem,
Preach penance," He commanded them,
" And the pardoning of sins."

But they did not see His Church should be
The Kingdom that He taught—
" Lord, wilt Thou now give back the realm
To Israel ?" they besought.
" It is not yours to know the hour
The Father hath in His own power,"
Said Christ, and told them of a dower
Should make their realm seem nought.

The Holy Ghost (He said) should come
And fill their souls with strength,
All in Jerusalem should wait
And this, God's last gift and most great,
Should light on them at length.

They climbed to Bethany, and past
The little town. How still and vast
The hill! The sun was sinking fast
In clouds serene and curled:
And the last words they heard Christ say
Were: "Be My witnesses alway,
In Judæa and Samaria,
And the outposts of the world."

This was the end. He raised His hands
And blessed them on the height.
And as they looked He left the earth
And a cloud hid Him from sight.

Heavenwards they watched Him. Then, behold,
Two men in white stood by,
"Ye men of Galilee," they said,
"Why stand ye gazing overhead?
This Jesus born on high
Shall come back to the world below
Even as you have seen Him go
Aloft into the sky."

Then Christ's disciples all alone
Went down the hillside to the town,
Blithe and obedient were they grown,
Believing what they heard.
No man of all that happy host
Lost heart, but waited at his post
For the coming of the Holy Ghost,
As Christ had pledged His word.

# THE EPILOGUE

"The gates of Jerusalem shall be built of sapphire."
*Tobias xiii. 21.*

*NOW twilight falls on Olivet,*
*And a long evening shrouds*
*The hills on which our souls have trod*
*And seen the wounded feet of God*
*Vanish among the clouds.*

*And back we turn from Bethany,*
*Through the dark city gate;*
*And with Christ's promise in our heart,*
*Among the people, yet apart,*
*We settle down to wait.*

*Now there are four Jerusalems*
*Our Blessed Lord has trod:*
*The City of the Jews, Man's Soul,*
*The Catholic Church, and our last goal—*
*The Paradise of God.*

*He did not dwell among the hills,*
*He did not take His rest*
*In Peter's temple of green boughs,*
*But the Upper Room of a man's house*
*Knew Him as Host and Guest.*

*Now in this Mansion of Ourselves,*
*In this high room of ours,*
*The last room of the highest landing,*
*Live Memory, Will, and Understanding,*
*Which are the soul's three powers.*

*These Three must keep the house for Christ*
*From their high citadel,*
*And rule the lower rooms aright,*
*Where the Five Senses—Taste and Sight*
*And Hearing, Touch and Smell—*
*And the Four Passions—Joy and Woe,*
*And Hope and Fear—go to and fro;*
*For kept in order and below*
*They serve the Mansion well.*

*But from the turrets of the house,*
*High up above the street,*
*You see the whole world very clear*
*And very small, and the hills near*
*Whence issue all things sweet ;*
*For not a fountain in the plain*
*But draws its sprinkling of bright rain*
*From the springs at their feet.*

*Now heaven lies round us like the hills,*
*And all the things to be,*
*Plain as the promises of Christ*
*Or dim as prophecy ;*
*And in her house the soul awaits*
*The unlocking of those sapphire gates*
*Which are earth's boundary.*

*She climbs the stair, and where it ends*
*She sits alone with her three friends*
*Above all mortal ills,*
*Who hand in hand from hour to hour,*
*Like three princesses in a tower,*
*Look out upon the hills.*

# APPENDIX

THE first source of this rhyme is, of course, the Vulgate, the standard Latin text of Holy Writ authorized by the Catholic Church. Translations, sacred and profane, have only been used in so far as they tallied with the Vulgate; and, wherever it seemed inevitable, sound has been ruthlessly sacrificed to sense, and charm to honesty. Such dilemmas are the main drawback of work of this sort, the only work in which the material, and not the worker, necessarily has the last word. As in the original, the teaching gets harder and harder; but the story of Our Lord's Passion naturally harks back to the more simple and traditional manner of the story of His Childhood.

Two works of St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Summa Theologica" and the "Catena Aurea," have been the base of all my glosses and grace-notes. The "Summa" (the greatest of all expositions of Catholic theology and philosophy) was avowedly written for beginners; and the first text quoted in it is that classic passage of Corinthians about the milk and meat. It tells first of Holy Lore, "Sacra Doctrina," and how God gives us Divine Revelation, because man's wit could not find out without it why we are here or whither we are bound. A little (says St. Thomas) could be learnt by reason alone; but "only by a few, after a long time, and blended with many mistakes." So we start with truth revealed; and when reason sets to work to explain this and draw conclusions from it, we get the science of Theology.

The "Summa" is divided into three main parts:

Ia is about God, and His work in creating and governing the world.
IIa is about man in relation to God.
IIIa is about God made Man, and how He is man's way of reaching God.

IIa is subdivided (Ia IIae and IIa IIae), and IIIa has a supplement, because midway through "Penance" it was left unfinished at St. Thomas's death, and completed from his comments on Peter Lombard's "Book of Sentences."

Each part of the "Summa" is divided into Questions, and each Question is divided into Articles. Each Article is headed by a challenge, such as "Whether Christ should have suffered on the Cross?" Then come a string of false arguments against the doctrine to be upheld, set out one by one—1m, 2m, 3m, and so on. Then, headed by *Respondeo* ("I reply") (*R*), comes the true doctrine. Then come the precise answers to each false argument, numbered to match their opponents—ad 1m, ad 2m, ad 3m, and so on. Every Article in the "Summa" is a Tournament of False and True; and Truth always wins in the end, though Falsehood is always allowed first blow. It is a scholastic version of the Lists at Ashby, with Truth as the Disinherited Knight; and it is every whit as spectacular as "Ivanhoe."

The "Catena Aurea" ("Golden Chain"), on the other hand, is an early minor work of the Angelic Doctor's. It is a string of passages from the writings of the Fathers of the Church and Catholic apologists up to St. Bernard, arranged as a running commentary on the Four Gospels. There were endless such "Catenæ" from the earliest times. The Venerable Bede drew his commentaries largely from St. Augustine and St. Leo; and St. Jerome, "conscious (as he says) of his own weak wits," interwove Origen's words with his own in explaining the Epistle to the Galatians. For the same reason I have used the "Catena Aurea." Where it is cited to uphold a point of faith, I have been at some pains to trace its ascriptions to their source. Where it is picturesque rather than dogmatic, I have now and again used it as it stood. For further glosses, both doctrinal and decorative, I have drawn largely on my own random reading. Almost all the quotations have been verified in the Abbé Migne's "Patrology." P.L. stands for the Latin Patrology; P.G. for the Greek; but this last in the Latin edition, for unfortunately I know no Greek.

The brief lives of the writers mentioned are pillaged from the "Catholic Encyclopædia," Bardenhewer's "Patrology," the "Dictionary of National Biography," and a medley of minor authorities, old and new.

Imperfect as this appendix needs must be, it is obviously added less to bear out my rhyme than to lure the reader to its sources, " cervus ad fontes "—which apology may save me from the fate of the bellicose and imposing Lentulus, of whom Cicero said: " Who has tied my little son-in-law to that big sword ?"

## PROLOGUE.

### *St. Jerome. . . .*

ST. JEROME (about 342–420) was born at Stridon, a small town east of the marshy islands which are now Venice. At about eighteen he went to study in Rome, where St. Damasus was Pope, and three years later to Trier, the headquarters of the Emperor Valentinian. Here he copied out the works of St. Hilary for his friend Rufinus, and became absorbed in the things of God. In 373 he set out for the East and learnt the expounding of Holy Writ (exegesis) under Apollinaris at Antioch, a great colonnaded Græco-Roman town between the Mediterranean and the mountains of Lebanon. But meeting a hermit called Malchus, in the wilderness thirty miles away, he and a few friends left the city and lived as anchorites in the Desert of Chalcis for five years. During this bleak time, St. Jerome had his famous dream of appearing before his Judge and being indicted as no Christian but a Ciceronian. He learnt Hebrew from a converted Jew in a monastery hard by, and kept out of the quarrels of the local Christians. " I know not Vitalis," he wrote to Pope Damasus, " I reject Miletius, I pay no attention to Paulinus. . . . I follow none but Christ, in the Communion of your Beatitude, that is of the See of Peter. Whosoever is outside the Ark of Noah will perish in the day of the flood " (Ep. XIV. ad Dam.).

He came back to Antioch to study and write, was raised to the priesthood, but warned the Bishop that he was most fitted for the solitary life. His patterns, he said, were not the Apostles, but the prophets and hermits—Elias and Eliseus, Paul and Antony, who lived in fields and wild places (Ep. XLIX. ad Paulinum). Nevertheless, he returned to Rome, where he found work entirely to his mind in directing the prayers and studies of a group of patrician women—St. Marcella, St. Asella, Fabiola, Melania, St. Paula, and others. These women were trying to carry out, in their own houses, some of the ideals of the Egyptian anchorites, Ammon and Isidore, who came to Rome with St. Athanasius in 341. On the death of Pope St. Damasus, the worldly Christians of Rome, who had been bitterly satirized by St. Jerome, turned against him; and in 386 he and a few companions went overland to Antioch and were joined there by St. Paula and her daughter, St. Eustochium, who had sailed from Rome. Together they visited the Holy Places of Palestine, and the thickly peopled solitudes of the Egyptian hermits, before settling down to work at Bethlehem. St. Jerome lived with his books and his scribes in a cave, his " paradise of studies," and the mother and daughter came at stated hours from the convent they had founded hard by, to share his doings. Both women knew Greek already and soon learnt Hebrew, and St. Jerome consulted them continually about his writings. " A word to those who think me to be jeered at, because I pass over men and write chiefly to you, O Paula and Eustochium. If these folk but knew that Holda prophesied when men were silent; that Deborah, alike a judge and a prophet, overcame the enemies of Israel when Barac was afraid; that Judith and Esther, types of the Church, slew Israel's foes and saved her from peril, they would never make faces behind my back " (*nunquam post tergum meum manum curvarent in ciconiam*) (Ex. in Soph. Prol.).

Both St. Paula and St. Eustochium died before St. Jerome; and a younger Paula (the Roman grandchild of the first), whose education he had planned himself in letters still to be read, ruled the great monastery when the old scholar could barely raise himself to say his Office by means of a cord tied to the roof of his cell.

He left behind him brilliant letters and great works critical and historical; but the Vulgate, the Latin translation of the Hebrew and Greek Text of Holy Writ used by the Catholic Church to-day, is, of course, his masterpiece. Here, despite Hebrew constructions, Christian and Ciceronian are one. For St. Jerome, like St. Paul before him and St. Thomas after him, " had learnt (as he said) from David to snatch the weapon from the enemy's hand, and cut off proud Goliath's head with his own blade " (Ep. LXX.).

## *The Venerable Bede.*

The Venerable Bede (672–735) tells in his " Ecclesiastical History of the English People " almost all that is known about his life. The time-worn account of his death is his follower St. Cuthbert's. Bede was born a vassal of the great Northumbrian Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, and at seven years old began his schooling there under St. Benedict Biscop. This able abbot had built both Wearmouth and Jarrow, bringing over workmen from Gaul to make his stained-glass windows and borrowing John, the arch-cantor of St. Peter's, to teach his monks to sing. Here Bede lived all his life, save for short visits to friends of his own turn of mind. He was the greatest scholar of his day and wrote treatises on music and poetry. " It has always been my joy (he says) to learn, or teach, or write." St. John of Beverley made him a priest at twenty-nine; and henceforth he did little else but study and expound the Scriptures. " He shone like a candle in the Church," says St. Boniface (see Rabanus, Canto XX.), and his name was a catchword with Alcuin (Canto XXVIII.), through whom his learning glowed steadily down the Middle Ages, and beyond.

## *St. Thomas of Aquino. . . .*

St. Thomas of Aquino (1225–1274) was the son of Landulph and Theodora, Count and Countess of Aquino in the Kingdom of Naples. At five years old he was being brought up by the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, and asking his master over and over again, " What is God ?" This question, as his biographers point out, his greatest book, the " Summa Theologica," did more than any mortal book has ever done to answer. At ten St. Thomas was mastering the Seven Liberal Arts at the University of Naples; and at about sixteen he took the habit of a Dominican friar. This last enterprise was very little to the taste of his somewhat capriciously pious parents, and Thomas was kidnapped by his two brothers (knights in the train of the Emperor Frederick II.) and shut up in a fortress until he should change his mind. For two years he was kept close, and alternately cajoled and threatened; but in vain. His sister got him three books—the Holy Scriptures, Aristotle's " Metaphysics," and the " Sentences " of Peter Lombard—the best theological text-book of the day; and when the Saint was finally lowered in a basket, like St. Paul over the walls of Damascus, into the arms of the Dominicans below, they found that their novice had turned his unsought-for seclusion to good account. He straightway made his vows and, with the blessing of Pope Innocent IV., betook himself to Cologne to study under Blessed Albertus Magnus. This great master, a Swabian Dominican, was not only a fine theologian, but knew more natural science than any man of his day save Roger Bacon. St. Thomas went with Albertus to Paris and back, became a priest in 1250, and went on to preach in Germany, France, and Italy, being renowned wherever he spoke for his apt and loving use of Holy Writ. In 1252 he was expounding his old textbook—the " Sentences "—in the Dominican school at Paris; and these lectures were the foundation of the " Summa." He took his degree on the same day as his friend, the Franciscan St. Bonaventura, and the text of his thesis was, " Thou waterest the hills from thy upper rooms; the earth shall be filled with the fruit of thy works " (Psalm ciii. 3).

From this time on he prayed, preached, studied, wrote, and travelled in Rome, Bologna, Viterbo, Perugia, and Paris. Heavenly ecstasies and visions only made

him work the harder, which indeed, as St. Teresa says, is the reason such favours are vouchsafed. On December 6, 1273, after a long ecstasy at Mass, he would write no more. " Such secrets have been revealed to me (he said) that all I have written appears of little worth." He got ready for death; but, summoned by Pope Gregory X. to a General Council at Lyons, he set out on foot, and died on the way at a Cistercian monastery in Terracina. He spent his last breath in proclaiming his faith in the Real Presence of the Son of God in the Blessed Sacrament. " For love of Thee I have watched, studied, and laboured," he said. " Thee have I preached. Thee have I taught. Never have I said anything against Thee. If anything was not well said, that is to be set down to my ignorance." Then, submitting all he had written to " the judgment and correction of the Holy Roman Church," he died.

Blessed Albertus, who had thought to meet this *filius pulchrior* of his at the council to which both were bound, never forgot him. Tears came into the old theologian's eyes whenever his pupil's name was mentioned; and the last journey he took, at the age of eighty, was to Paris, to defend, from a charge of over-enthusiasm for pagan philosophy, the memory of St. Thomas Aquinas.

*For even as Eve is Adam's wife . . . side.*

" Dicit enim Apostolus ipsum esse caput Ecclesiæ, et Ecclesiam corpus ejus " (Coloss. i. 18). " Ergo et ipse soporatus est dormitione passionis, ut ei conjux Ecclesia formaretur " (St. Augustine, De Gen. Con. Man., P.L. xxxiv., p. 216). This " Slumber of the Passion " is foreshadowed in Our Lord's sleeping in the ship (Canto XXI.), and there is more about it in Canto XLIII.

St. Augustine of Hippo (354–430) was born and bred at Tagaste (in his day Numidia, and now Algiers), the son of an easy-going pagan father, Patricius, and a noble Christian mother, St. Monica. His youth at home and at Carthage (where he was sent to study for the bar) was one fierce tug-of-war between good and evil. For nine years, despite his mother's lamentations and prayers, he lived a life of passionate gracelessness and held the Manichæan notion of two Principles—one good, the other bad—at odds over the world. At the age of twenty-nine he wearied of this falsehood and its worthless disciples and took up the lore of Plato and his more religious followers the Neoplatonists. In 383 he sailed for Italy, followed by St. Monica, and listened with reverence to St. Ambrose (see Canto X.) at Milan. But it was not until he was thirty-three that he heard a child singing, " Tolle, lege; tolle, lege !" (" Take up and read, take up and read !") over the wall of a neighbour's house, and made " The Apostles' Book "—the Epistle to the Romans—left lying on a garden-seat, the arbiter of his life. He was baptized by St. Ambrose at Milan on Easter Day, 387; and brought as his dowry to the Church all the good there was in Neoplatonism. " The gold of which Thou wouldst Thy people should despoil the Egyptians, seeing it is Thine wherever it is." Next year, after St. Monica's death at Ostia, he sailed back to Africa. Once at Tagaste he gave his goods to the poor and sought to live perfectly as a simple scholar; but, while praying in the church of the neighbouring metropolis of Hippo, he was surrounded by the townsfolk, who begged Valerius, the Bishop, to raise him to the priesthood in spite of his tears. At forty-two Augustine was Bishop himself, and after thirty-four more years of heroic work (during which he led a life of monastic poverty with his clergy), he died during the siege of his city by the Vandals.

Of all his works the " Confessions "—which tell of God's dealings with his own soul—and " About the City of God "—which tells of God's dealings with the soul of mankind—are most to the world at large. There are fine seventeenth-century English versions of both to be had in reprints (W. Watt, Heinemann; and John Healey, Grant), and to read the first, which has the Latin text alongside, is perhaps the best of all introductions to the Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine has always

attracted Englishmen. Blessed Thomas More gave lectures on "De Civitate Dei," in the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, before he was twenty-one; and Pusey's version of the "Confessions" was one of the first trophies of the Oxford Movement. But the Saint who could write the "Psalmus contra Partem Donati" (see Canto XVI.) will never be safe company for any but Catholics.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Argument is bodily taken from the "Summa," III[a], Q. I., A. 1, 2, 3.

*"O Christian," says St. Leo. . . .*

"Agnosce, O Christiane, dignitatem tuam . . ." (Serm. I. in Nat. Dom., P.L. liv., p. 192).

St. Leo (? –461) was, with St. Gregory (*q.v.*), the greatest of the early Popes. His heroic stand against heresy and barbarism—as often as not allies in evil-doing—made his pontificate the source it was of political power and temporal authority. His works consist wholly of letters and homilies.

## CANTO I. (ST. LUKE i. 26–38).

*Nazareth.*

"Ibimus ad Nazareth et juxta interpretationem nominis ejus florem videbimus Galilææ" (St. Paula, Ep. XLVI. ad Marcellam, P.L. xxii., p. 491). I have always heard this piece of floweriness attributed to St. Jerome, and in the form given. (For St. Paula see St. Jerome, Prologue.)

*Kept without stain of sin.*

"De sancta virgine Maria, propter honorem Domini, nullam prorsus cum de peccatis agitur, haberi volo quæstionem" (St. Augustine, De Nat. et Grat., P.L. xliv., p. 267; *cf.* St. Ephraem [see Canto VI.] Prec. ad Deip.).

*Upon the twenty-fifth of March,*
*When the dark grows less than the day.*

Bede says that this was the most fitting time for the True Light to come down from above (Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 316).

*. . . the prophet's words. . . .*

Isaias vii. 14.

*Came the Archangel Gabriel. . . .*

Ludolph of Saxony ("Vita Christi," i., 5, p. 20). The angel's aspect "facie rutilans, veste coruscans," Ludolph attributes to St. Augustine, but that "fyr-reed cherubinnes face" is too Chaucerian a touch for the fourth century. The legend of Our Lady's midnight meditation is also Ludolph's. Ludolph of Saxony, "The Carthusian" (? –1378) was trained as a Dominican of the same mystical school as his contemporaries, Blessed Henry Suso and John Tauler, but became a contemplative in the Charterhouse of Strasburg, after thirty years of active life. His "Vita Domini Nostri Jesu Christi" was one of the most influential books of the Middle Ages. It is not only a history of Our Lord's life, but a *catena* of glosses and meditations into the bargain. It left its mark on the author of "The Imitation of Christ" (some even go so far as to say that this was Ludolph himself), on St. Teresa, and on St. Francis de Sales. From this "Vita," with much that is more precious, I have borrowed two of the three legends I have allowed myself here—the Last Adventures of the Three Kings, and the Fall of the Egyptian Idols. The third legend is that of St. Veronica (Canto XL.), which the Carthusian does not mention. He is quoted throughout from the Augsberg edition of 1729.

*And he should come as a shadow comes. . . .*

Gregory the Great's " Umbra enim a lumine formatur et corpore " (" Moralia," P.L. lxxv., p. 671) made more pictorial. The Tower of Ivory, of course, stands for Our Blessed Lady in the Litany of Loretto.

St. Gregory the Great (? 540–604) was brought up, a patrician and a saint among saints, in the age of Roman decadence and Gothic inroads. He had a legal training, but from his youth was wont to pore over Holy Writ and listen to the lofty converse of three heroic women—his mother, Silvia, and his father's sisters, Tarsilla and Æmiliana. At thirty he was prefect of Rome; at thirty-one he became a monk and founded seven monasteries with his patrimony. Three years later, Pope Pelagius II. sent him on an embassy to Constantinople, where his " Moralia," a series of lectures on the Book of Job, were begun at the urgency of St. Leander of Seville. He went back to Rome realizing that the capital of Christendom must fall or stand alone; and that there was no help to be looked for from Constantinople. He was made abbot on his return, and the " not Angles but angels " story belongs to this period. In its earliest versions, however, the English slave-boys are grown-up freemen seeking Rome of their own free will. St. Gregory got leave to go to England himself, but was brought back by the infuriated Romans on the third day of his journey. In the year 590, a ghastly year of flood and pestilence, he was made Pope. Henceforth " he never rested." The first work of his pontificate was the " Liber Pastoralis " King Alfred translated three hundred years afterwards for the guidance of Saxon bishops. St. Gregory's epitaph, says the Venerable Bede, was " Consul Dei " (" God's Consul "). It was in 597 that he sent St. Augustine and forty Italian Benedictines to convert England.

## CANTO II.

*So blithe and hale, by hill and dale,*
*Four days Our Lady fared.*

" . . . non enim fuit Dominus Jesus matri suæ onerosus " (Lud. Sax., i., 16, p. 27).

*But sore wept St. Elizabeth. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 7, p. 31: St. Ambrose also says that Our Blessed Lady waited for the birth of St. John the Baptist before going home.

## CANTO III. (St. Luke ii. 1-7).

*As the Prophet Micheas said. . . .*

" Et tu, Bethlehem Ephrata, parvulus es in millibus Juda; ex te mihi egredietur qui sit dominator in Israel, et egressus ejus ab initio, a diebus æternitatis " (Micheas v. 2).

*. . . the House of Bread. . . .*

" Bethlehem quippe domus panis interpretatur," says St. Gregory (Hom. VIII., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1104). It was so called, he says, before He was born there Who said, " Ego sum panis vivus." The rest of the comment is founded on Bede (Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 330).

*But His Mother stood as a lily stands*
*Blossoming. . . .*

" Et florebit quasi lilium. Germinans germinabit et exultabit lætabunda " (Isaias xxxv. 1, 2), quoted concerning the birth of Our Blessed Lord by St. Thomas (" Summa," III[a], Q. XXXV., A. 6 [R]).

*And the ox and the ass paid homage,*
*As Isaias said they would. . . .*

" Cognovit bos possessorem suum, et asinus præsepe domini sui; Israel autem me non cognovit, et populus meus non intellexit " (Isaias i. 3).

*No baby was so poorly born. . . .*

This from a sermon preached at the Council of Ephesus (431), and quoted by St. Thomas (" Summa," III$^a$, Q. XXXV., A. 7, ad 3$^m$).

## CANTO IV. (ST. LUKE ii. 8–20).

*Home-coming Jacob pitched his tent. . . .*

Genesis xxxv. 21.

*And David in its pastures pent*
*His flock of sheep. . . .*

1 Kings xvi. 11.

*Good simple Jews. . . .*

From a description in the " Catena Aurea " (St. Luke, p. 97, pseudo-Chrysostom).

## CANTO V. (ST. MATTHEW ii. 1–12).

*" For you," he cried, " a king shall reign*
*And a new star arise."*

" Videbo eum, sed non modo; intuebor illum, sed non prope. Orietur Stella ex Jacob, et consurget virga de Israel . . ." (Numbers xxiv. 17).

*Arise, Jerusalem. . . .*

" Surge, illuminare, Jerusalem . . . fortitudo gentium venerit tibi; Inundatio camelorum operiet te, dromedarii Madian et Epha; omnes de Saba venient aurum et thus deferentes, et laudem Domino annuntiantes " (Isaias lx. 1 and 6).

*From Persia to Palestine. . . .*

Most of the Fathers agree that the Magi came from Persia. St. John Chrysostom, in his sixth Homily on St. Matthew, for instance (P.G. xxxi., p. 63).

St. John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople (about 347–407) was the most eloquent of all Christian preachers, as his nickname " Chrysostom " (" golden-mouth ") testifies. He was born at Antioch, where his father, Secundus, was a Roman officer in the Syrian army. Secundus died early, but John's mother, Anthusa, saw that he had a liberal education under the best orator of his day, the pagan Libanius. In 367 the young scholar was attracted by the Christian Bishop (the Miletius of St. Jerome's letter to Pope Damasus, *q.v.*), and gave up his pagan lore for prayer, manual work and the study of Holy Writ. For two years he lived as a hermit in a cave near Antioch; but in 386 a new Bishop—Flavian, a friend of his own—had him back and raised him to the priesthood. For twelve years he taught and preached in Antioch, and with St. John Chrysostom teaching and preaching were one and the same thing. In 398, Arcadius, Emperor of the East, sent for him to be Archbishop of Constantinople. Here he began " sweeping the stairs from the top." He built a hospital with his household savings the first year of his episcopate, and was finally banished from Constantinople in the ninth. Pope Innocent I. and the Roman Emperor Honorius did their best to right him.

but without avail. His "weak and spiderlike" body was dragged by two brutal soldiers through various remote towns to Cucusus in Lesser Armenia—"the most abandoned spot in the world,"—and thence to Pityus, a still wilder outpost at the eastern end of the Black Sea. Here he died, saying, "Glory be to God for all things."

His homilies, even in Latin translations, are unsurpassed except by St. Augustine's. They follow no plan save that of the Gospel, and they have a sort of Thames-like fascination, as of a broad stream with endless flowery and bird-haunted backwaters. There are nearly three hundred of his letters left, too. "Of especial value," says Fr. Baur of Louvain, "are the seventeen to the deaconess Olympias," the rich and noble widow who was the Saint's disciple in Constantinople.

*But just as milestones name a town*
*They never stir to view. . . .*

"Facti sunt eis tanquam lapides ad milliaria: viatoribus ambulantibus aliquid ostenderunt, sed ipsi stolidi atque immobiles remanserunt" (St. Augustine, Serm. CXCIX., P.L. xxxviii., p. 1027). Of Mr. Pecksniff it was also said ("Martin Chuzzlewit," chapter ii.): "Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place and never goes there: but these were his enemies."

*. . . The star. . . .*

"Summa," III[a], Q. XXXVI., A. 7 (R).

*For they went in the stable and there was He. . . .*

"Magnum sacramentum. In præsepi tunc jacebat, et Magos ab Oriente ducebat. Abscondebatur in stabulo, et agnoscebatur in cælo" (St. Augustine, Serm. CC., P.L. xxxviii., p. 1029).

*Three fit gifts had Our Blessed Lord. . . .*

St. Augustine, Serm. CCII., p. 1034, as above.

*Ships of Tharsis. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 11, p. 62. "Ships of Tharsis" seems to have been a generic name for Tyrian merchantmen.

*And the story ends in the kind old books. . . .*

This particular "kind old book" is the pseudo-Chrysostom Commentary on St. Matthew (*opus imperfectum*) used by St. Thomas in the early chapters of the "Catena Aurea." It is now held to be the work of a Western Arian of the early fifth century. Erasmus said there was no doubt it was not Chrysostom; but that the book need not be discarded on that account, but used for what it was worth, as we use Tertullian and Origen. "Quod si rejicimus omnes in quibus est aliquid quod dissideat ab horum temporum dogmatibus, nec Cyprianus legetur, nec Ambrosius, nec Chrysostomus, nec Augustinus, nec Hieronymus." Baronius said he could scarcely hear of this book, "ab incerto auctore, sed certo hæretico," being ascribed to Chrysostom without losing his temper. Tillemont thought that although it was "addictissimum [a good word !] Arianicæ hæresi," the heresies were late interpolations. The text is in Migne, P.G. xxx., but it is quoted here straight from the "Catena Aurea" Nicolai, Avignon, 1851 (in this case St. Matthew, p. 108).

## CANTO VI. (ST. LUKE ii. 22–35).

*Now a candlestick lit the Temple. . . .*

"Fecit et candelabrum ductile de auro mundissimo" . . . (Exodus xxvii. 17). There is a list of the Old Testament types of Our Blessed Lady in "De Beatissima Virgine" (Fr. Alexis Lépicier, O.S.M., p. 40).

*For God had willed that His Mother should bow*
*To the Law that His birth released. . . .*

"Summa," III[a], Q. XXXVII., A. 3 and 4.

*And so the first of her Seven Dolours*
*Was told to her alone. . . .*

"Occultorum vero præsagia dirigit tantum ad matrem" (Greek Catena quoted in "Catena Aurea" in Luc. ii., p. 121).

*But though the Light . . . Sun.*

Pseudo-Chrysostom, from the Greek Catena, as above.

*And sevenfold smart Our Lady's heart*
*Got from that grievous sword.*

Loyalty to Our Lady of Dolours belongs to the oldest tradition of Saxon piety. Our forefathers knew God's Mother best standing with St. John ("one maid to be another's mate," as the carol says) at the foot of the Cross of Christ on the rood-screens of their churches. The shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows was set in the heart of the Garde Doloureuse, the beleaguered Norman castle of Scott's "Betrothed"; and Scott himself died singing snatches of the *Stabat Mater* to "the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles." Yet the Order most devoted to Our Lady of Dolours (the Servites, whose black habits proclaim them Servants of Mary in her sorrows rather than in her joys) never came nearer to England than Flanders before the Reformation. It was founded on the Feast of the Assumption, 1233, by seven Florentine nobles.

*But most when she stood beneath the Tree. . . .*

"O Simeon admirande, ecce jam gladius quo cor meum trajiciendum prædixisti; ecce gladius, ecce vulnus, mi Fili et Deus meus! Mors tua cor meum subiit . . . pectusque meum dirus gladius pertransivit (St. Ephraem of Syria, "Thren. Glor. Virg. Mat. Mar.," Rome, 1598, vol. ix., p. 199).

St. Ephraem of Syria (? 306–373) was born early in the fourth century at Nisibis, the Catholic capital of Mesopotamia. His father was a pagan priest, but St. Ephraem was instructed and christened by St. James, the Bishop of his native town. Nisibis was surrendered to the Persians in 363, after several fierce sieges; and the Christian population withdrew, St. Ephraem and his followers (after many wanderings) to Edessa. Here the saint spent the last ten years of his life, a hermit whose teachings and writings were yet influential enough to found a new school of learning, the famous "School of Persians." He was never a priest, but it is said that he lived on the side of a mountain above the town, descending from time to time to preach in its churches. The vast Syriac works of these ten years have been handed down to our own day in original fragments and in Greek, Arabic, and Ethiopian translations. Save for a commentary on Holy Writ, they are all in verse, even the homilies. St. Ephraem found, on his arrival at Edessa, that the Gnostic Bar-Daisan and his son Harmonius were hard at work spreading heresy in hymns ("clothing," as the saint said, "the pest of depravity in garments of musical beauty"), and he countered their songs with better ditties of his own. St. Gregory Nazianzus took up his tactics to check the Arians; others followed, and so arose the first Christian folk-song.

## CANTO VII. (ST. MATTHEW ii. 13–23).

*Now King Nabuchodonosor*
*Had dreamt in Daniel's day. . . .*

Daniel ii. 1–45.

*So fell the idols of Egypt. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 13, p. 66: The legend is well worth keeping, as even Milton realized, if only for its allegorical truth.

*That He might bless where Moses cursed. . . .*

Pseudo-Chrysostom (*opus imperfectum*), " Catena Aurea " in Matthew, p. 110.

*Two years at least over the East*
*He heard their star had stood. . . .*

St. John Chrysostom and St. Augustine; both quoted in the " Summa," III$^{a}$, Q. XXXVI., A. 6, ad 3$^{m}$.

*So Jeremias' words came true. . . .*

Jeremias xxxi. 15. It is St. Jerome who interprets " in Rama " as " far and wide," and explains the allusion to Rachel (Com. in Matthew, P.L. xxvi., p. 28).

*And the Church is Rachel once again. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 13, p. 65.

*And Herod's counsellors shared his fall. . . .*

The whole story is in the " Historia Ecclesiastica " of Eusebius, i., 8, P.G. xx., p. 166.

Eusebius of Cæsarea (about 260–341) was a scholar of Cæsarea in Palestine and a pupil of St. Pamphilus. His youth was spent helping his master, who devoted all his wealth to procuring books and making accurate copies of the Scriptures and the works of the Early Fathers, especially Origen (*q.v.*, Canto VIII.). When Diocletian's persecution broke out, Pamphilus was seized and scored with iron combs, but went on with his work until two years later (309), when he was beheaded. Eusebius, who called himself, out of love for his master, " Pamphili," was spared (it is not known why), and, when the terror died down, took over the martyr's activities. He was by this time a priest, and became Bishop of Cæsarea in 315. His later life was spent in a welter of Arian wrangles, in which he was by no means distinguished for either straightforwardness or orthodoxy; but his Church History, by far the greatest of his voluminous works, has been impartially cleared from Gibbon's charges of wilful one-sidedness.

## CANTO VIII. (ST. LUKE ii. 41–51).

*When the sun shone and snow was gone*
*And corn was in the blade.*

" Tempore mensis novorum," etc. (Exodus xxii. 15).

*Some say, St. Joseph thought the Child*
*Was in His Mother's charge. . . .*

Bede, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 349.

*And would that all, both great and small,*
*Might win their weary search. . . .*

A travesty of a very fine passage of Origen (In Luc., Hom. VIII., P.G. XIII., p. 1848). After recounting all the places where Our Blessed Lord is not to be found, it ends: " Seek Him with Joseph and Mary, seek Him in the Temple. . . . If you would seek Jesus in the Temple of God, seek Him in the Church. . . . If you seek Him thus, you will find Him."

Origen (185–253 or 4) was the greatest scholar of the Alexandrian School, whose sole rival in the early days of the Church was the School of Antioch. "He was a great man from babyhood," says St. Jerome, "and the fit son of a martyr" (Ep. XLI. ad Panim.). When his father, St. Leonides, was imprisoned in the persecutions of 202, the lad was only kept from sharing his father's captivity and death by his mother's somewhat unheroic expedient of hiding his clothes. Origen kept her and his six brothers, mainly by selling manuscripts, until he succeeded Clement of Alexandria as teacher in the famous catechetical school. Here he taught an amazing concourse of scholars, men and women (including at least five martyrs), working meanwhile to complete his own education under Ammonius Saccas the Neoplatonist (who was also the teacher of Plotinus), and getting what Hebrew lore he could from the Alexandrian Jews.

So things went on, with intermittent journeys to Rome (then ruled by Caracalla), Arabia, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Greece. On Origen's last journey he passed through Cæsarea and was raised to the priesthood by Theoctistus the Bishop. Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, angry at this breach of his rights, and (says Eusebius) envious of Origen's influence in Egypt, turned against him on his return. Origen fled to Cæsarea. Two Councils at Alexandria banished him and deposed him from the priesthood. His own well-meaning folly (St. Jerome says he acted "zelo Dei, sed tamen non secundum scientiam") lost him this last glory; he was not condemned for false doctrine. At Cæsarea he taught on, among his innumerable pupils being St. Gregory Thaumaturgus. He was imprisoned and tortured under Decius, and died at Tyre, where he was buried with all the honours of a Confessor behind the high altar of the Cathedral; and pilgrims visited his tomb, which is now buried under the ruins of the Church above it.

St. Jerome is, of all the Early Fathers, most preoccupied with Origen; but perhaps no uncanonized (and, on some counts, unorthodox) scholar has proved so inspiring to great and holy men. St. Jerome cites St. Hilary of Poitiers, St. Ambrose, and St. Victorinus, as Origen's obvious debtors (Apol. ad Ruf. i. 2). His errors, mostly Neoplatonic and hyperpitiful, never had the influence of his excellences. He was too great a scholar to be basely popular. St. Jerome said the last word on the right attitude towards Origen: "Let us not imitate his vices, whose virtues we cannot follow."

*But Our Lady spoke as a mother would,*
*With the Third Sword in her heart.*

"Maria maternis affecta visceribus quasi cum lamentis inquisitionem dolorosam ostendit, et omnia sicut mater . . . exprimit" (Pseudo-Gregory, Lud. Sax., i., 15, p. 72).

*For He owed them all obedience*
*That was not due to God.*

Greek Catena, "Aurea Catena" in Luc., p. 140.

## CANTO IX. (ST. MATTHEW iii. 1–17; ST. MARK i. 1–11; ST. LUKE iii. 1–22; ST. JOHN i. 19–34).

*Then for a sign of their intent,*
*But this was not a Sacrament. . . .*

"Summa," III$^a$, Q. XXXVIII., A. 3.

*As worse men by God's might*
*Do now. . . .*

St. Augustine, Tr. V. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1417.

*So swift-winged swallows. . . .*

This is St. John Chrysostom's gloss, save that he does not say what sort of birds they were (Hom. XIII. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 83). In the sixteenth of the same Homilies he explains the priest's partiality for St. John as being one of their own caste, p. 102.

*The voice that cries in the desert place. . . .*

Isaias xl. 3.

## CANTO X. (St. Matthew iv. 1–11; St. Mark i. 12–13; St. Luke iv. 1–13).

*Now whether Our Lord was God or Man*
*The Devil was in doubt. . . .*

St. Augustine, De Civitate Dei, ix., 21, P.L. xli., p. 274.

*Christ fasted, and the Devil thought*
*He must be God. . . .*

Pseudo-Chrysostom; "Catena Aurea" in Matthew, p. 167. The gloss adds that the Devil, seeing Our Lord's hunger, began to pluck up hope ("iterum cœpit sperare").

*For the whole might of the Devil's mesh*
*Lies in three strings. . . .*

"Carnis oblectatio, species gloriæ, aviditas potentiæ," according to St. Ambrose (Ex. in Luc., L. iv., P.L. xv., p. 1706).

Saint Ambrose, Bishop of Milan (about 340–397), was trained to plead in the prefectorial courts at Rome, and was made governor of Northern Italy by the Emperor Valentinian. "Snatched," as he says himself, "from the tribunal to the priesthood" by popular clamour, after the death of the Arian Bishop of Milan, Auxentius, he was consecrated on December 7, 374. He gave up all his possessions, his brother Satyrus dealing with the business affairs of the diocese, and set to work to fit himself for his spiritual duties, learning and teaching as he went along. St. Augustine (*q.v.*) came in 383 to Milan as Master of Rhetoric, "Veni Mediolanum ad Ambrosium episcopum," and saw him between his toils for his people, eating his spare meals or reading, "drawing his eyes along the leaves." "Oftentimes when we were present (for no man was debarred of coming to him, nor was it his fashion to be told of anybody who came to speak to him) we still saw him reading to himself, and never otherwise" (Aug., Conf., vi. 3). St. Ambrose's dealings with the Arian Empress Justina and the bloodthirsty Emperor Theodosius are renowned; and how he started the singing of hymns during the Arian siege of his basilica on Palm Sunday, 386, "lest the people should wax faint through tediousness of sorrow"; and how he made his imperial savage do penance—this last tale being commonly told with many exaggerations. He died on Good Friday, 347; Stilicho, the greatest warrior of the day, fearing that "his death would mean the destruction of Italy."

*For not as God He overcame,*
*But merely as a Man.*

"Summa," III$^{a}$, Q. XLI., A. 1, ad 4$^{m}$, which quotes in confirmation, "Tentatum autem per omnia pro similitudine absque peccato" (Hebrews iv. 15).

*But to twist the words of the Most High*
*And use them against His friends.*

Origen, Hom. XXI. in Luc., P.G. xiii., p. 1880. He goes on to contrast the Devil's profanation of Holy Writ with St. Paul's sanctification of profane letters.

*For who but the Devil would go about*
*A wicked deed with a wish devout . . . miracle?*

Pseudo-Chrysostom, "Catena Aurea" in Matthew, p. 17. The writer says that to fly through the air, being a useless business, cannot be the work of God; and if it is done for show, then it is rather the work of the Devil.

*The whole world swayed by sin. . . .*

"Ostendit innumerabiles hominum multitudines, quæ suo tenebantur imperio" (Origen, Hom. XXX. in Luc., P.G. xiii., p. 1878).

*But He did not chide till the Devil tried*
*To take the things of God.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. XIII. in Matthew, P.G. xxi., p. 63.

*. . . with misery*
*And hatred of mankind.*

"De tristitia et odio proximorum" ("Summa," III$^a$, Q. XLI., A. 3, ad 3$^m$).

## CANTO XI. (ST. JOHN i. 35–51).

*. . . for many shun*
*The God of Glory, to be won*
*By the first glance of God the Son. . . .*

". . . non tam multi alliciantur, quando quid magnum et sublime de Deo dicitur, quam ubi clementiæ et benignitatis verba, quæ ad auditorum salutem spectent proferuntur" (St. John Chrysostom, Hom. XVIII. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 115). It is St. John Chrysostom, too, who says the second Apostle was probably St. John, p. 117, as above.

*These words, so simply spoken, light*
*God's mystery like a flame . . . name.*

"Attend now," says St. Augustine: "If this man had been called Peter before, you would not have thus beheld the mystery of the Rock. Do you think it was by chance he was called so, not that God's Providence willed him to be called something else first, that from this very change of name the undying mystery might be commended? (*sacramenti vivacitas commendaretur*). Tr. VII. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1445. It is St. John Chrysostom (Hom. XIX. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 122) who gives the Old Testament parallels.

*. . . it was in Bethlehem*
*The King should first draw breath.*

Micheas v. 2 (see Canto III.).

*"Come and see," answered Philip.*

St. Philip's confidence is stressed by St. John Chrysostom (Hom. XIX., p. 125, as above), and Nathanael's prudence by Theophylact (En. in Jo., P.G. cxxiii., p. 1183).

Theophylact ( ? – ? 1110) was most likely born at Euripus (Chalkis), on the east coast of Greece, about the middle of the eleventh century. He became Deacon at Constantinople and tutor to Constantine Porphyrogenitus (son of the Emperor Michael VII.), for whom he wrote " The Education of Princes." About 1078, when the Emperor became a monk, Theophylact went to Bulgaria as Bishop of Achrida: and here, lamenting the hopeless savagery of the Bulgarians, and begging in vain to be relieved of his post, he seems to have died soon after 1107.

## CANTO XII. (ST. JOHN ii. 1–11).

*To prove that He Who preached and taught*
*Was God as well as Man.*

" Summa," III$^a$, Q. XLII., A. 1 (R).

*Marriage is good, though, as we know,*
*Unwedded life is best. . . .*

Bede, Hom. XIII. in Dom. II., post Epiph., P.L. xciv., p. 68; and 1 Cor. vii.

*She knew that from the Blessed Son*
*" Woman " fell not in blame. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 26, p. 119. The most fitting time for the miracle would, of course, have been after the lack of wine was discovered, as St. John Chrysostom says (Hom. XXII. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 134).

*. . . drowsy guests . . .*

" Inebriati " is the actual word in the Vulgate.

*Now the Devil too gives good wine first. . . .*

Lud. Sax., p. 122, as above. It is told of St. Teresa that when she and her Carmelites were nearly drowned crossing the flooded ferry of Burgos, the saint cheered her terrified companions aloud, but inwardly she sighed, " O Lord, when wilt Thou cease to strew our path with obstacles ?" Thereupon Our Lord spoke to her and said, " Murmur not, for thus it is that I treat My friends." To which St. Teresa answered, " Ah, dear Lord ! and that is why Thou hast so few." (For more of St. Teresa, see Canto XLVI.)

## CANTO XIII. (ST. JOHN ii. 12–22).

*Such offerings, St. Augustine says, . . . of old.*

Tr. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1468.

*" Zeal for God's dwelling eats Him up."*

" Quoniam zelus domus tuæ comedit me " (Psalm lxviii. 10).

*And ever may such zeal be ours . . . right.*

St. Augustine, Tr. X. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1471.

## CANTO XIV. (ST. LUKE iv. 14–30).

*God hath anointed me . . . pays for all.*

Isaias lxi. 1–2.

*. . . a catchword to convey*
*That charity begins at home. . . .*

" Catena Aurea " in Luc. iv., pp. 213 and 214. The form of Our Lord's reply is that in St. Matthew xiii. 57.

. . . *widows in Israel.*
3 Kings xvii. 2.

. . . *lepers in Israel.*
4 Kings v. 14.

## CANTO XV. (ST. JOHN iv. 46–54).

*But Jews are not so cheaply won. . . .*
St. John Chrysostom, Hom. XXXV. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 198.

*He had his doubts about Our Lord. . . .*
St. Gregory, Hom. xxviii., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1211.

*They catch at any straw. . . .*
"Solent enim patres, ardenti amore ducti, non solum eos quibus fidunt medicos adire, verum etiam eos quibus non ita fidunt, ne quidpiam præteriisse videantur" (St. John Chrysostom, Hom. xxxv. in Jo., p. 201, as above).

*And less to please us than to prove*
*The truth of what He taught.*
St. Augustine, Tr. XVII. in Jo., p. 1527, as above. He suggests that if the curing of the paralytic man at the Pool of Bethsaida had not been done rather to help the world's soul than to help its body, folk with low minds and limited wits might well say (seeing so many sick and only one cured) that what Our Blessed Lord did showed no great power and as little kind-heartedness. "Tot jacebant, et unus curatus est, cum posset uno verbo omnes erigere."

*He rules the fishes . . . sun.*
"Summa," III$^a$, Q. XLIV., A. 2, 3, 4 *passim.*

## CANTO XVI. (ST. MATTHEW iv. 18–22; ST. MARK i. 16–20; ST. LUKE v. 1–11).

*But Jesus answered him gently. . . .*
Bede, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 383.

*That the simplest speech of Holy Writ*
*Has many a hidden sense in it. . . .*
When Ruskin got his first missal he discovered that "all beautiful prayers were Catholic—all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic" (Præterita, iii., 31), yet not many Catholics take the trouble to understand the Church's manner of interpreting Holy Writ. Everyone knows there are several senses under the surface meaning. Our Lord Himself said that Jonas swallowed up by the whale was the type of His own burial (Matth. xii. 40); and St. Paul that the stories of Ismael and Isaac were "said by an allegory. For these are the two testaments" (1 Gal. iv. 22); and St. Jerome that Ezechiel's book "written within and without" typified the literal and mystical meanings of sacred Scripture. The Venerable Bede was the first to set down the four senses commonly taken now. These are worth understanding because they make the reading of Holy Writ far more helpful. This is especially true of the Old Testament; for, as St. Thomas says, the doings of the Jews—legislation, ritual, even wars—are all figurative and prophetic. There is a Latin rhyme—

"*Littera* gesta docet, quid credas *allegoria*,
*Moralis* quid agas, quo tendas *anagogia*,"

which may be roughly Englished—

" The *letter* gives the very deed, (Fact)
The *allegory* states our creed, (Faith)
The *moral* tells us what to do, (Charity)
The *anagoge*, the end in view." (Hope)

" Anagoge," which comes from a Greek word meaning " to lead up to," is pronounced to rhyme with " doge."

Examples will make this clear. Take St. Thomas's " Lux." This means (1) ordinary light (letter); (2) Our Blessed Lord (allegory); (3) Divine Grace (moral); (4) the Glory of Heaven (anagoge).

Or take St. Jerome's " Hierusalem." This means (1) the chief city of the Jews (letter); (2) the Catholic Church (allegory); (3) the Christian soul (moral); (4) the Kingdom of Heaven (anagoge).

Or take Dante's " In exitu Israel." (" When Israel came out of Egypt," Psalm cxiii.) The poet explains it in the dedication of the " Paradise " as being (1) the exodus of the Israelites (letter); (2) our Redemption by Our Blessed Lord (allegory); (3) the conversion of a sinner (moral); (4) the good soul's escape from this mortal life (anagoge).

Most of this is far more fully and clearly put in the " Tractatus de Deo Uno " of Father Alexis A. Lépicier, O.S.M., but I do not know where it is to be had in English.

*The world is the Lake of Genesareth. . . .*

All the Fathers seem to agree in the interpretation of Peter's ship. The most amusing variant is the first verse of St. Augustine's popular song against the Donatists, " Psalmus Contra Partem Donati," P.L. xliii., p. 23, which runs more or less like this:

"You who care for Christian concord, lend an even ear to this—
What dissensions rend the brethren when so many do amiss!
So Our Blessed Lord forewarned us, in the parable He set,
Likening the Heavenly Kingdom to an out-cast fishing-net,
In whose mesh all make of fish from all parts of the sea disport them
Till the haul is in the harbour, then the trouble is to sort them,
Pack the wholesome fish in hampers, toss the worthless to the tide.
Whoso understands the Gospel, trembles at the doom implied,
For he knows the net the Church is; and the world that weltering flood;
And the motley tribe of fishes, sons of Adam, bad and good;
And the landing-stage is Doomsday, where our common lots diverge.
Those who smash the net asunder, just to wallow in the surge,
These will never reach the hampers (standing here for heavenly bliss)—
You who care for Christian concord, lend an even ear to this."

## CANTO XVII. (ST. MATTHEW v. 1–12; ST. LUKE vi. 12–23).

Such glosses as there are on the Beatitudes are all from St. Augustine (In Serm. Dom. in Mont., P.L. xxxiv. *passim*.

*A living land. . . .*

" Terra viventium " (Psalm cxli. 6).

*" My meat it is to do God's will " . . .*

" Meus cibus est, ut faciam voluntatem ejus qui misit me " (John iv. 34).

*And with the message of His peace*
*The feet of saints are shod. . . .*

" Et calceati pedes in præparatione Evangelii pacis " (Eph. vi. 15).

## CANTO XVIII. (ST. MATTHEW x. 1–22; ST. MARK iii. 13–19; ST. LUKE vi. 12–16).

*Lest the false Hebrews later on*
*Should grumble "If we had but known" . . .*

St. Jerome, Com. in Matthew, i., 10, P.L. xxvi., p. 62.

*. . . "Snakes,"*
*Says wise Rabanus, "wriggle in*
*Through clefts of rocks to shed their skin. . . .*

Rabanus first alludes to the notorious wisdom of the deaf adder "that stoppeth her ear; that will not listen to the voice of the charmers," and adds the characteristic medieval comment given above. "Hoc enim proprie Christianorum est, ut per pœnitentiæ stricturam exuant veterem hominem cum actibus ejus" (Com. in Matthew, P.L. cvii., p. 898).

Blessed Rabanus Maurus (about 776–856) was first a pupil and then Abbot of the famous Benedictine Abbey of Fulda, which rose on the site of the birch-bark huts of the first followers of St. Boniface (the English "Apostle of Germany") in the forest south of Cassel. Rabanus studied theology and the Seven Liberal Arts under Alcuin (*q.v.*) at Tours; and his master nicknamed him Maurus, after the beloved disciple of St. Benedict. He was recalled at the end of a year's study to be head of the monastic school at Fulda; but his superior, Abbot Ratgar, had a passion for building, thought learning a waste of time, and confiscated the teachers' notebooks. "He alone can escape calumny who writes nothing," said Rabanus. Luckily Ratgar's death saw Rabanus himself Abbot, and he carried out, at Fulda, all the ideals of Charlemagne's Palace Schools, being especially careful to fit his monks for preaching in German to the people. In 842 he withdrew to a neighbouring monastery to pray and write, but was made Archbishop of Mainz in 847. He died, beloved by the poor, in 850, and left behind him poems, commentaries, sermons, treatises, and textbooks, including an encyclopædia, "De Universo," in twenty-two volumes.

*O End secure and sweet. . . .*

"Dulcedo non fallax, dulcedo felix et secura" (St. Augustine, Conf., II., P.L. xxxii., p. 675).

*The End is Christ.*

Rom. x. 4.

## CANTO XIX. (ST. LUKE vii. 30–50).

*For this one calls the Faith too grim . . . way.*

It was pointed out by St. Hilary that the errors of those who oppose the faith are mutually destructive of each other; therefore these selfsame errors, seen rightly, tend to strengthen our belief. "Hæretici igitur omnes contra Ecclesiam veniunt; sed dum hæretici omnes se invicem vincunt, nihil tamen sibi vincunt. . . . Et inter hæc fidem nostram, dum sibi adversantur affirmant" (St. Hilary, De Trinitate, P.L. x., p. 202).

St. Hilary of Poitiers (?–368), by birth probably a pagan, became, about 350, Bishop of his native town. Banished by the Arian-loving Emperor, Constantius, to Phrygia in Asia Minor, he passed his exile in reading and writing. He went deeply into the various manifestos of the Arians, and pointed out that very often their errors were rather due to slipshod terminology than to false doctrine, for which

piece of generosity he was much taken to task by his fellow-Catholics. However, he went on to wage so successful a campaign against the Arians in Constantinople, that the heretics themselves begged the Emperor to send him back to France. This was done, and St. Hilary worked in Poitiers till his death, save for one unavailing visit to Milan to oppose St. Ambrose's predecessor, the Arian Bishop Auxentius.

*She did not blush before the guests.*

St. Gregory, Hom. XXXV., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1239.

*Who out of sight were worse than she. . . .*

St. Gregory says the Pharisee had more wrong with him than St. Mary Magdalen. "Our Lord was between two sick folk, but she kept her senses in her fever and he lost his wits; she wept her misdeeds, but he, puffed up with false righteousness, overrated the soundness of his constitution" (Hom. XXXV., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1240).

*And cast your beauty like a sword surrendered. . . .*

"Of no slight worth is the hair that can dry the feet of Christ" (*Non mediocres capilli . . .*) (St. Ambrose, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xv., p. 1759).

CANTO XX. (ST. MATTHEW xiii. 1–23; ST. MARK iv. 1–20; ST. LUKE viii. 4–15).

*. . . a crowd dissatisfied*
*And bitter as the waters wide. . . .*

Rabanus, Com. in Matthew, P.L. cvii., p. 939.

*A parable tells of a likely deed. . . .*

"Est igitur parabola sermo de re tanquam gesta, qua tamen gesta non est secundum litteram, sed quæ potest fieri" (Origen, Frag. ex. Lib. de Prov. Sal., P.G. xiii., p. 19).

*. . . the ears of the heart.*

Bede, Ex. in Matthew, P.L. xcii., p. 66.

*Isaias saw them down the years. . . .*

Isaias vi. 9–10. The gloss is pseudo-Theophylact ("Catena Aurea" in Luc. viii., p. 357).

*For he who reads one parable*
*Can deal with all the rest.*

"Catena Aurea" in Marc. iv., p. 99.

*Christ is the Sower and the Seed. . . .*

This idea was foreshadowed in the teaching of the Stoics. Justin Martyr taught that the Word which is manifested fully in Our Blessed Lord is germinally in every human soul (Apol. II. 8, P.G. vi., p. 458). In so far as they partook of the Word of God, the sages and poets of antiquity—Greek and Barbarian (*e.g.*, Socrates and Elias)—were able to know the Truth (Apol. I. 46, P.G. vi., p. 466. *Cf.* St. Athanasius, Orat. II. con Ar., P.G. xxvi., p. 150).

Justin (called "Philosopher and Martyr" by Tertullian) was born about the year 100, and died between 163 and 167. His father and mother were pagans living in Vespasian's settlement of Flavia Neapolis in Palestinian Syria. Justin's thirst for truth led him from Stoics to Peripatetics, from Peripatetics to Pythagoreans, and from Pythagoreans to Platonists. With these last he made a long stay, but finally

became a Christian (perhaps at Ephesus) some time before the last Jewish war. Eusebius (*q.v.*) says he still clung to his philosopher's mantle, but he defended Christianity by speech and writing as "the only reliable and serviceable philosophy," and died on its behalf, most likely at Rome.

Two "Apologies" and "The Dialogue with Tryphon the Jew" are the only authentic works of his remaining.

*The bad heart, that busy way.*

Rabanus, Com. in Matthew, P.L. cvii., p. 940.

*Vain business clings about their leisure . . . fruit.*

St. Gregory, Hom. XV., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1133.

## CANTO XXI. (ST. MATTHEW viii. 23–28; ST. MARK iv. 35–40; ST. LUKE viii. 22–26).

*. . . a wooden pillow.*

Theophylact, En. in Marc. IV., P.G. cxxiii., p. 538.

Our Lord's getting into the boat prefigured His ascending the Tree of His Most Holy Passion (Remi of Auxerre, P.L. cxxxi., p. 914), and His sleep is the "Ego dormio et cor meum vigilat" (Cantic. v. 2) of Calvary.

Remi of Auxerre (? –908) was a Benedictine monk who taught in the monasteries of his Order at St. Germain, Auxerre, Paris, and Rheims, during the ninth century. He wrote comments on Holy Writ, and on such forgotten works as the "Opuscula Sacra" of Boëthius, whose "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" King Alfred was translating into English about the same time.

*Christ steps on board when we first begin*
*To love Him best and to leave off sin. . . .*

Bede, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 436. The "lovely company" was founded on a comment of Ludolph of Saxony's.

*. . . Spanish Main . . .*

The Caribbean Sea, when it is a case of buccaneers. Pedants would restrict the title to the mainland between the Orinoco and Darien. See Rodway, "The West Indies and the Spanish Main."

## CANTO XXII. (ST. MATTHEW xiv. 13–23; ST. MARK vi. 20–46; ST. LUKE ix. 10–17; ST. JOHN vi. 1–15).

*. . . His ways of escape. . . .*

This comment is attributed by St. Thomas to Remi of Auxerre, but I cannot trace it. Prayer and the Sacred Passion are the usual explanations of the mountain and the ship. For the meaning of the desert, see "Summa," III$^{a}$, Q. XLI., A. 2, ad 2$^{m}$. "Every great work is a desert as far as the world and flesh is concerned."

*. . . the shadow of Holy Mass*
*And the Bless d Sacrament.*

There are at least nine very early frescoes in the Catacombs where the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is depicted as prefiguring the Eucharist. The two second-century paintings in the crypt of Lucina show fishes and baskets of bread on a green ground: and glasses holding something red are set in the baskets, evidently to remind the onlooker of the Mystery for which the miracle stands.

## CANTO XXIII. (ST. MATTHEW xiv. 22–34; ST. MARK vi. 45–53; ST. LUKE vi. 15–21).

*" Be not afraid, for I am I."*

The parallel is St. Jerome's Com. in Matthew, P.L. xxvi., p. 102; the allusion to Exodus iii.

*St. Peter's faith, as the Fathers say,*
*Is ever the greatest found.*

St. Jerome, as above.

*Like a baby bird. . . .*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. L. in Matthew, P.G. xxxi., p. 552.

## CANTO XXIV. (ST. JOHN vi. 22–70).

*As for that foolish rabblement,*
*On mortal meat was all their bent. . . .*

The Greek Fathers have no words strong enough for the Jews on this occasion. There is Theophylact's " O mancipia ventris," etc. (Ev. in Jo., P.G. cxxiii., p. 1295), and St. John Chrysostom's comment on their short memory for any but substantial miracles (Hom. XLV. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 251). The latter's indictment of the " tyranny of the stomach " has a delightful parallel in Piers Ploughman's

" It is nought al good to the goost (soul)
That the gut asketh."

*As frost or dew might fall. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 70, p. 295.

*Paid piecemeal. . . .*

" Erogaturum," St. Augustine, Tr. XXVII. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1616.

*He did not want a soul to bide*
*For fear or favour or false pride.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. XLVII. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 266. *Cf.* St. Augustine, Tr. XXVI., as above, p. 1608. As to what draws souls to the Blessed Sacrament, " Est quædam voluptas cordis, cui panis dulcis est ille cœlestis. . . ." " Trahit sua quemque voluptas," St. Augustine goes on, in the words of Virgil's second Eclogue, " Each of us is drawn by some pleasure or other." It is pleasure that lures us to that Heavenly Bread, " non necessitas, sed voluptas; non obligatio, sed delectatio." " Give me one who loves," the passage ends, " and he will feel what I say."

*Our knowledge to our faith we owe;*
*We first believe, and then we know.*

" Credidimus enim ut cognosceremus " (St. Augustine, Tr. XXVII., p. 1619, as above). " What have we believed and what have we known ? (he goes on). That Thou art Christ the Son of God—that is, that Thou art Thyself Life Eternal, and givest in Thy Flesh and Blood nought but what Thou art."

## CANTO XXV. (ST. MATTHEW xvi. 13–19; ST. MARK viii. 27–29; ST. LUKE ix. 18–20).

*Now where the proud were wrong . . . half right.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LVI. in Matthew, P.G. xxxi., p. 553.

*Elias in the fiery car. . . .*

4 Kings ii.

*. . . O Head*
*Of all the Twelve, with what dear dread*
*They listened, and you spoke.*

"Quid igitur os apostolorum Petrus? Semper fervens chori apostolici coryphæus, omnibus interrogatis, ipse respondet" (St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LIV. in Matthew, P.G. xxxi., p. 533).

*The Head of the Church, to whom belong*
*The keys of the judgment of right and wrong. . . .*

"Two Councils have sent to the apostolic see. Thither the rescripts have actually come. The case is ended. Would that the error were ended too" (St. Augustine, Serm. CXXXI., P.L. xxxviii., p. 734). This famous comment of St. Augustine concerns Pope Innocent's ruling on the Pelagian question. It is usually misquoted, "Roma locuta est, causa finita est." The two Councils alluded to were African councils which had appealed to Rome. The best parallel is perhaps St. Optatus's somewhat truculent exhortation to the Donatists: "For if the Catholic Church were in doubt whether to receive you or no, ought not you yourselves to have followed the form of unity? But you had no mind to keep in view the example you read of in the Gospels—the passage, that is to say, which deals with the part played by Blessed Peter, from which passage you could have found out what was the form of unity described as to be kept and established. Now, though it is a bad business to fight against an interdict, it is worse not to have unity when you can. . . . Blessed Peter not only deserved to be put before all the other Apostles, but to him alone were given the keys of the kingdom of heaven to be handed on to the rest" (St. Optatus, De Schism. Don., P.L. xi., p. 1086–7).

St. Optatus, Bishop of Mileve in Numidia, was probably in his youth, like so many of the Early Fathers, a pleader in the pagan law courts. His writings against the Donatist Parmenian, Bishop of Carthage, which belong to the seventies and eighties of the fourth century, are most interesting for their solid testimony to the Primacy of Peter. St. Optatus, in an often-quoted phrase, also maintained, like St. Augustine and St. John Chrysostom (see Cantos IX. and XLVII.) that "sacraments are holy in themselves and not through men" (*sacramenta per se esse sancta, non per homines*).

## CANTO XXVI. (ST. MATTHEW xvii. 1–9; ST. MARK ix. 1–9; ST. LUKE ix. 28–36).

*O, who would climb a hilly road*
*To reach an unknown place. . . .*

This, and the following verse, from the "Summa," III[a], Q. XLV. (R).

*St. Peter for his dignity. . . .*

The three apostles' titles to the sight of the Transfiguration are from St. John Damascene, Hom. in Trans. Dom., P.G. xcvi., p. 559. He too says the mountain was Thabor (p. 547, as above).

St. John Damascene, Doctor of the Church, and the last of the Greek Fathers, was born at Damascus about 676, and died about 754. His father, Mansur, was treasurer to the Caliph Abdul Malek, the first Moslem ruler to coin his own money. Being a zealous Christian, Mansur bought, in the slave-market of Damascus, a

Sicilian monk of great learning, called Cosmas, and set him free that he might teach his sons. When John, the best and cleverest of these sons, grew up, he became chief councillor of the city, and used all his influence in Syria to oppose the Iconoclasts, who, headed by Leo III., Emperor of the East, were attacking the veneration of images. A forged letter said to be from John himself, offering to betray Damascus to the Christians, was sent by the Emperor to the Caliph. On the strength of this, John was degraded from office and his right hand struck off at the wrist. According to his tenth-century biographer, John of Jerusalem, the hand was restored at the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, to whom the saint's own work shows his devotion. In any case, the Caliph was convinced of his innocence and sought to heap him with favours. John, however, left the Saracen court for the monastery of St. Saba, a veritable eyrie of sanctity built among the precipices between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. Little more is known of him, but much of his works. He was anathematized after his death by the pseudo-synod of Constantinople, in 754, as "a cursed favourer of Saracens and traitorous worshipper of images," and extolled a few years later as "Chrysorrhoas" ("stream of gold"). His greatest work, "The Fountain of Wisdom," is the first attempt at a "Summa Theologica" there is; and was the best until Peter Lombard's "Book of Sentences" appeared in 1151. It is especially noteworthy for its concern for the honour due to the Mother of God, and to the Real Presence of Her Son in the Blessed Sacrament.

*O hungry heart, whose wishes climb*
*To pluck your heaven before its time. . . .*

St. John Damascene, p. 570, as above.

*O Trinity, whose blest accord. . . .*

"Summa," III$^{a}$, Q. XLV., ad 2$^{m}$.

## CANTO XXVII. (ST. LUKE x. 38–42).

*For the meek have grace as a vale has rills. . . .*

Pseudo-Augustine, "Catena Aurea" in Luc. x., p. 505.

*But she met with blame when she strove to thwart*
*The joys of the soul that Mary sought. . . .*

Only an unabashed cockney rhyme seems capable of giving this comment of Theophylact's accurately (En. in Luc., P.G. cxxiii., p. 851).

*Either of these is dear to God. . . .*

"Summa," II$^{a}$, II$^{ae}$, Q. CLXXIX., A. 1 and 3.

*The hearth of heaven. . . .*

Lud. Sax., i., 61, p. 255. "Ignis est in Sion et caminus in Hierusalem." Sion stands for the pilgrim soul, Jerusalem for the soul in heaven (St. Augustine, En. in Psalm IX., P.L. xxxvi., p. 122).

*For God is the Truth for which we have striven. . . .*

"Summa," II$^{a}$, II$^{ae}$, Q. LXXX., A. 1 (R). *Cf.* Plato, "Symposium," 201, Jowett.

## CANTO XXVIII. (ST. JOHN xi. 1–44).

*Love is not love that keeps aloof. . . .*

St. Augustine, Tr. XLIX. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1749.

*He groaned, letting Himself be moved*
*To feel like a man for those He loved . . . do.*

Alcuin, com. in Jo., P.L. c., p. 901.

Alcuin (about 735–804) was one of the greatest teachers of teachers in the Middle Ages. Of noble Northumbrian stock, he was brought up at the Cathedral School of York. This school carried on the traditions of Bede's school at Jarrow (Bedé, *q.v.*, died the year Alcuin was born), and Bede's school took its rise in the school of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, who came from Rome in 664. The learned of Christendom were so much the common property of Christendom in those days that when, on one of his frequent travels abroad, Alcuin met the Emperor Charlemagne at Parma, and was asked to take over the mastership of the Palace Schools, it seemed quite natural to him to quit York for Aachen. The Palace Schools were Charlemagne's learned metamorphosis of the old chivalric schools of the Merovings. Their masters had no fixed abode, but were taken about with the court from castle to castle, like the tapestries and glass window-casements and other appurtenances of royalty. Charlemagne came to the school himself with his wife Luitgard, his sister Gisela, his three sons and his two daughters. The fashionable nobles, of course, followed. The Emperor, moreover, in 787, sent to the bishops and abbots of the empire a Capitulary, sometimes called " The Charter of Modern Thought." In this he says that while the letters he receives from the monasteries are full of " just thoughts," their style is often uncouth, and " the fear arises in his mind, lest if the skill to write correctly were thus lacking, so, too, the power of comprehending the Holy Scriptures might be less than it should be." The remedies he proposed in this document and the Council of Aachen, 789, were the first hint of three Renaissances: this eighth-century Renaissance of Alcuin, the twelfth-century Renaissance of Abelard, and *the* Renaissance of the fifteenth century, whose connection can be traced by the curious down the languid ages between.

Alcuin himself stood for more than he knew. He meant, he said, to revive " a Christian Athens "; and though his method was the reverse of Socratic, it had a measure of success. His schools in which the Seven Liberal Arts—Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy—were soundly taught as the preliminaries of Holy Lore produced the greatest men of the day (see Rabanus, Canto XX.). These carried on his actual teaching when his textbooks and commentaries had fallen into disuse. Alcuin withdrew from the world in 796, and died Abbot of Tours; but whether he was deacon or priest, secular or Benedictine, history does not say.

*O soul so sepulchred in sin. . . .*

St. Augustine, De Div. Quæst., P.L. xl., p. 59; and Alcuin, as above, p. 903.

## CANTO XXIX. (ST. MATTHEW xix. 16–26; ST. MARK x. 17–27; ST. LUKE xviii. 18–27).

*The world is like a drifting smoke. . . .*

Lud. Sax., ii., 11, p. 415, a very free reminiscence of St. John Chrysostom's " De Capto Eutropio," P.G. xxviii.

*" Thus," says St. Bede, " the youth was shown*
*That Christ was God."*

Bede, Ex. in Marc., P.L. xcii., p. 231.

*Who loved Our Lord as worldlings may. . . .*

Pseudo-Chrysostom, " Catena Aurea " in Marc. x., p. 247.

*And he was rich who watched of yore*
*For Jesus from the sycamore. . . .*

Rabanus, Com. in Matthew, P.L. cvii., p. 1021, gives these examples. "It is one thing to have money," he says, "another thing to love it."

*And some are poor, yet not for Christ. . . .*

Theophylact, "Catena Aurea" in Marc. x., p. 248. I cannot trace this very just and forcible passage; "drink, or some other vice," are mentioned as possible causes of anything but Holy Poverty.

*. . . how much safer . . .*

Rabanus, as above. The rest from St. Thomas, $II^a$, $II^{ae}$, Q. CLXXXIV., A. 3, ad $1^m$. The way of perfection is not its end and "nothing prevents those being perfect who are not in the way of perfection, or those being in the way of perfection who are, nevertheless, not perfect" (A. 4 [R], as above).

## CANTO XXX. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 3–16; ST. MARK xiv. 1–11; ST. JOHN xi. 46–56 and xii. 1–8).

*. . . a mere excuse. . . .*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. XLV. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 363).

*. . . because he bore*
*The purse. . . .*

Judas was purse-bearer because this was the lowest office of all; "for to have money to look after is much lower than to have teaching to do" (Theophylact [?], "Catena Aurea" in Jo., xii., p. 102).

*He took his pay. . . .*

He seems to have had his hire in advance, "accepit pecuniam ut Dominum traderet" (St. Augustine, Tr. L. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1761).

## CANTO XXXI. (ST. MATTHEW xxi. 1–11; ST. MARK xi. 1–11; ST. LUKE xix. 28–44; ST. JOHN xii. 9–19).

*And men gave back that hymn of mirth*
*Now He was come to die.*

Bede, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 570.

*In sin, like a lost soul.*

Origen, Hom. XXXVII. in Luc., P.G. xiii., p. 1897.

## CANTO XXXII. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 17–39; ST. MARK xiv. 12–26; ST. LUKE xxii. 7–20; ST. JOHN xiii. 1–15).

*To give the greatest gift there is . . . away.*

"Namque Salvator quo vehementius commendaret mysterii illius altitudinem, ultimum hoc voluit altius infigere cordibus et memoriæ discipulorum, a quibus ad passionem digressurus est" (St. Augustine, Ep. LIV., P.L. xxxiii., p. 203).

*An upper room. . . .*

"The upper room," says Theophylact (En. in Luc., P.G. cxxiii., p. 1066) "is the highest story of the soul." Peter and John, who stand for the active and the contemplative life respectively, go and get the room ready for Our Blessed Lord (see Epilogue).

*With mortal joys and miseries. . . .*

"Humanis affectibus" (St. Augustine, Tr. LVII. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1790).

*. . . "the bliss of the way." . . .*

". . . Ad beatitudinem viæ" ("Summa," Q. IX., A. 4, ad $3^{m}$). No man has ever taught "the right use and the right love" of the world like St. Thomas, save, perhaps, St. Augustine. This phrase, too, is from the "Summa," as above.

*For all the traitor's thoughts He read.*

Origen, Com. in Jo., P.G. xiv., p. 766.

*. . . that when a deed was past,*
*He taught its lesson.*

"Primo facere, postea docere. Quia Jesus bonum doctorem instituens, nulla nisi quæ fecit docuit" (Bede, Sup. Act. Apost., P.L. xcii., p. 939).

*O Christ, Thy Church hath kept Thy word. . . .*

Roughly-rendered pseudo-Augustine ("Catena Aurea" in Matthew, p. 272).

CANTO XXXIII. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 21–25; ST. MARK xiv. 18–21; ST. LUKE xxii. 21–34; ST. JOHN xiii. 21–32).

*. . . chances three. . . .*

"Nec timore, nec beneficio, nec honore" (St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXXII. in Matthew, P.G. xxxi., p. 737).

*Even as he was fed*
*With Christ's Own Body and His Blood.*

St. Augustine, Tr. L. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1762, who quotes St. Paul's "Qui enim manducaverit indigne, judicium sibi manducat et bibit" (1 Cor. xi. 29).

*He did not name his name.*

Bede, Ex. in Luc. Ev., P.L. xcii., p. 597.

*Each thought he knew his heart, yet O,*
*If it should be himself.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXII. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 389. In the same homily is found the explanation of St. Peter's diffidence, as given in the next verse.

*And lest the eleven should boast. . . .*

Bede, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 600.

*For Peter's reckless heart Christ read. . . .*

Theophylact, En. in Luc., P.G. cxxiii., p. 1074.

CANTO XXXIV. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 36–47; ST. MARK xiv. 32–43; ST. LUKE xxii. 39–47; ST. JOHN xviii. 1–3).

*He bore for you and me.*

". . . Sed homo factus, propter nos tristis est, ita propter nos confortatur" (Bede, Ex. in Luc., P.L. xcii., p. 603), as compressed by St. Thomas.

*Who chose for us to feel the whole*
*Of mortal misery.*

St. Augustine, De Civ. Dei, P.L. xli., p. 415: "We may not think that, having man's essential body and soul, He (Our Lord) had but seeming affections. And therefore His sorrow for Jerusalem's hardness of heart, His joy for the believers, His tears for Lazarus, His desire to eat the Pasch with His disciples, and His deadly heaviness of soul upon the approach of His Passion—these are no feigned narrations." "St. Paul," adds St. Augustine, "loathed and detested those whom he said were without feeling. . . . For a thing is not right because it is rigid, or healthy because it is insensible."

*There came an angel, some such one*
*As guards us night and day.*

It was not a guardian angel, for this Our Blessed Lord did not need; but like those that came to wait on Him at the end of the Temptation ("Summa," $I^a$, Q. CXIII., A. 4, ad $1^m$).

*So for a while they slept. . . .*

St. Augustine, De Cons. Ev., P.L. xxxiv., p. 1165.

CANTO XXXV. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 48–56; ST. MARK xiv. 44–50; ST. LUKE xxii. 47–53; ST. JOHN xviii. 3–12).

*O, if so grim a band . . . world.*

St. Augustine, Tr. CXII. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1931.

CANTO XXXVI. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 57–68; ST. MARK xiv. 53–65; ST. LUKE xxii. 54–55; ST. JOHN xviii. 13–16).

*As a shearer eyes a lamb.*

Isaias liii. 7: "Quasi agnus coram tondente se obmutescet."

CANTO XXXVII. (ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 69–75; ST. MARK xiv. 66–72; ST. LUKE xxii. 55–62; ST. JOHN xviii. 25–27).

CANTO XXXVIII. (ST. MATTHEW xxvii. 1–11; ST. MARK xv. 1–2; ST. LUKE xxii. 66–71 and xxiii. 1–12; ST. JOHN xviii. 28–38).

*For he knew that the truth takes time to tell. . . .*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXXIV. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 455, and St. Augustine, Tr. CXV. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1941. Neither held Bacon's low opinion of "Jesting Pilate."

*And the wicked do for the Devil's ends*
*What the good will not do for God's.*

Theophylact, En. in Luc., P.G. cxxiii., p. 1095.

CANTO XXXIX. (ST. MATTHEW xxvii. 12–31; ST. MARK xv. 3–20; ST. LUKE xxiii. 13–25; ST. JOHN xviii. 39–40 and xix. 1–16).

*Now Israel had an old custom. . . .*

Bede, according to the "Catena Aurea" in Jo., p. 347: but I cannot trace the passage.

*He trusted that so tasked*
*They would choose Christ for shame.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXXVI. in Matthew, P.G. xxxi., p. 765.

*. . . like a worm and no man. . . .*

"Ego autem sum vermis, et non homo" (Psalm xxi. 7).

CANTO XL. (ST. MATTHEW xxvii. 32–35; ST. MARK xv. 21–24; ST. LUKE xxii. 26–33; ST. JOHN xix. 17–18).

*Only a thousand steps to go. . . .*

Didon, "Jésus Christ," p. 781.

*Though she would not touch His hand. . . .*

". . . As his sorrowfull modire myghte nott com to hym for great thronge of pepull, sche went another waye, nerehand and schortere, with seynt John and his felawes, and mett hire sone comying owt of the cete . . . cho myghte nott speke to hym a worde, nor he to hire" (MS. Thornton, a very free fourteenth-century rendering of pseudo-Bonaventura; see Horstman, "Richard Rolle of Hampole," i., 205).

*. . . Our Lord's Cross, the Ark*
*That saves the world.*

St. Augustine, De Cat. Rud., P.L. xl., p. 334.

*. . . his children too.*

Alexander and Rufus (Mark xv. 21), "qui erant discipuli" (pseudo-Jerome, "Catena Aurea" in Marc., p. 385).

*Veronica.*

St. Charles Borromeo excluded the Office of St. Veronica from the Milanese Missal, and the tradition concerning her is late and dubious. At the same time, it is so beautiful and so likely, that it would seem more rash and wrong to let it go than to keep it.

*Now the green wood was Christ Himself. . . .*

Theophylact, "Catena Aurea" in Luc. xxii., p. 469, and in Book XII. of St. Gregory's "Moralia."

*Titus, Son of Vespasian,*
*Ploughed up Jerusalem.*

Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," chapter xxiii.

*And they offered Him wine and gall, that He*
*Might suffer His Passion drowsily. . . .*

Didon, p. 781, as above.

CANTO XLI. (ST. MATTHEW xxvii. 35–44; ST. MARK xv. 24–32; ST. LUKE xxiii. 34–43; ST. JOHN xix. 19–24).

*O Love, thy breadth, length, depth, and height. . . .*

St. Augustine says (Ep. lv., P.L. xxxiii., p. 216) that the breadth of the Cross to which Our Lord's hands were fixed stood for his joy in labour; its length down which His body was stretched, for His patience with mankind; its depth, the hidden

abysses of Divine Grace; and its height, the expectation of the meed of Divine Justice. This meditation is founded on St. Paul's " In charitate radicati et fundati, ut possitis comprehendere cum omnibus sanctis, quæ sit longitudo, latitudo, altitudo et profundum " (Eph. iii. 18). *Cf.* " Summa," III$^{a}$, Q. XLVI., A. 4.

*When the Roman rule should cease. . . .*

It is a commonplace among the Fathers that the Church inherits the Roman *imperium*, the Greek wisdom, and the Hebrew worship, each the best thing of its sort in the ancient world. She is the sum of three civilizations—cosmocentric, anthropocentric, and theocentric (St. Augustine, Tr. CXVII. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1946).

*But a hidden guidance led*
*The Roman. . . .*

" Occulta vox," St. Augustine, as above.

*And for the coat the four cast lots. . . .*

" Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea, et super vestem meam miserunt sortem " (Psalm xxi. 18).

*For torture held his hands and feet*
*But heart and tongue were free.*

St. Gregory, " Moralia," P.L. lxxv., p. 74.

## CANTO XLII. (St. Matthew xxvii. 44–54; St. Mark xv. 33–39; St. Luke xxiii. 44–48; St. John xix. 25–30).

*Twixt wall and wall of pain. . . .*

Exodus xiv. 22; ". . . aqua quasi murus, a dextra eorum et læva."

*She saw because He loved her most*
*He suffered most for her.*

" For whoso is destined to greater sanctity, for him Christ suffers more. Hence for Our Blessed Lady Her Son was especially crucified, and she might, indeed, say with the Apostle, ' I live in the faith of the Son of God Who loved me and delivered Himself up for me ' (Gal. ii. 20) " (Denys the Carthusian, in Cant. IV., A. 14, 19).

Denys van Leeuwen, " the Carthusian " (1402–71), is the last important scholastic writer of the Middle Ages. He was made Master of Arts at Cologne and entered the Charterhouse of Roermond (Dutch Limburg) at the age of twenty. His feats of prayer, vigil, fasting, reading and writing were only possible to one who added the impulse of sanctity to the " iron head and brazen stomach " he boasted of possessing. His twenty-five folios of commentaries, treatises, and dissertations, are interesting for their Platonic leanings, especially for their indebtedness to the writer's pseudo-Areopagite namesake. It is delightful to remember that this last and (save for a year's travel in the wake of a crusade-preaching cardinal) most recluse of Scholastics wrote a tractate " On the Loveliness of the World and the Beauty of God," one of the few efforts made by the Middle Ages to replace St. Augustine's lost treatise " On the Fair and Fit."

*For the pains which she knew not at His birth*
*Beset her as He died.*

St. John Damascene, De Fide Orthodoxa, P.G. xciv., p. 1162.

*The Mother of Mankind.*

"Mater viventium," St. Epiphanius, Hær. LXXVIII., P.G. xlii., p. 727. St. Epiphanius of Constantia (315–403) was born in a village near Eleutheropolis in Judæa. St. Jerome describes his mastery of Greek, Syriac, Hebrew, and Egyptian, and says he knew a little Latin. At the instance of St. Hilarion the Anchorite he travelled in Egypt, where the Gnostics did their best to convert him. He was only twenty when he returned and founded a monastery in which he dwelt until the fame of his learning and piety got him elected Bishop of Cyprus in 367. The end of his life was less happy. Zeal against the influence of Origen (see Canto VIII.) led him, in 394, to preach against Origenism, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, before St. Jerome, Rufinus, and John II., Bishop of Jerusalem, all of whom admired the great Alexandrian. He got at odds, too, with St. John Chrysostom (see Canto V.) on the same question; and taking ship from Constantinople to return to Cyprus, he died at sea.

*. . . a voice under a torrent's flow. . . .*

The torrent is by turns the type of temptation, agony, and death (St. Jerome, Brev. in Psalt. on Psalm CIX., P.L. xxvi., p. 1167).

*. . . O thirst of God*
*To draw all living to Thy rood.*

Lud. Sax., ii., 63, p. 635, pseudo-Augustine: The "cervus ad fontes aquarum" is Psalm xli. 1; the prophecy of the gall and vinegar "et dederunt in escam meam fel: et in siti mea potaverunt me aceto" (Psalm lxviii. 22).

*In seven shafts. . . .*

The seven Sacraments which spring from the Passion ("Summa," III$^a$, Q. LX., A. 3 (R).

*(Not like a man fordone*
*But gloriously, by His own power sped.)*

St. Augustine, Tr. CXIX. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1952: "Who can sleep as he will," he says, "as Our Lord died when He would? Who can so put off his garments as Christ put off His flesh?" *Cf.* John x. 18.

## CANTO XLIII. (St. Matthew xxvii. 55–66; St. Mark xv. 40–47; St. Luke xxiii. 49–56; and St. John xix. 31–42).

*So when Christ rose they saw Him first,*
*For their great faithfulness.*

St. Jerome, Com. in Matthew, P.L. xxvi., p. 215. They were "the Apostles of Apostles," he says in another place (Com. in Soph., P.L. xxv., p. 1338).

*No corpse should hang upon a tree*
*On our high Sabbath day.*

Deut. xxi. 23.

*But, as it was foresaid,*
*They did not deal so with Our Lord. . . .*

Exodus xii. 46; "nec os illius confringetis."

*For from Christ's body pierced and spent*
*Flow mystery and Sacrament*
*And the Church draws her high descent . . . died.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXXV. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 463; and St. Augustine, Tr. CXX. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1953 (*cf.* Prologue).

*Only Our Lady felt its glance. . . .*

Lud. Sax., ii., 64, p. 643; and for Our Blessed Lady's grief at the Entombment (ii. 66, p. 648).

*But to the shades His soul was gone. . . .*

The Apostles' Creed and "Summa," III[a], Q. LI., A. 1, 2; Zacharias ix. 11: "To quoque in sanguine testamenti tui, emisisti vinctos tuos de lacu, in quo non est aqua."

## CANTO XLIV. (ST MATTHEW xxviii. 1–7; ST. MARK xvi. 1–8; ST. LUKE xxiv. 1–10; ST. JOHN xx. 1–8).

*Though the seal stands upon His prison. . . .*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXXV. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 464. The Holy Sepulchre is one of the types of the Mother of God and its seal of her Virginity.

*Joan, King Herod's steward's wife. . . .*

See Luke viii. 3.

## CANTO XLV. (ST. MATTHEW xxviii. 8–15; ST. MARK xvi. 9–11; ST. LUKE xxiv. 11–12; ST. JOHN xx., 4–18).

*So lightly thinks a loving soul . . . care.*

St. Gregory, Hom. XXV., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1192.

*Now (says Augustine) who can be*
*So foolish as to feign. . . .*

"Quis autem tam si absurdus . . .," etc. (St. Augustine, Tr. CXXI. in Jo. P.L. xxxv., p. 1957), who also gives the explanation of the next verse.

*Used none of womenkind with scorn,*
*But fair and generously.*

"Nor, O Lord of my soul, didst Thou repulse women whilst Thou wert in the world, but didst ever favour them and show them tender love and pitiful compassion. Thou didst put greater trust in them than in men, for among them was Thy most Holy Mother. . . . Seeing in what manner of times we are living, it is not right to repulse the good and valiant, though they are but women" (St. Teresa, "The Way of Perfection," chapter iii., p. 20, of the edition of the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook).

An amusing note says that the passage from "Thou didst put greater trust" down to "they are but women" was scratched out in the Escorial MS. and put back later.

St. Teresa of Jesus (de Ahumada) was born of a noble family in Avila, Old Castille. Her own "Autobiography" (which tells more of her outside doings than any other of her books save the "Foundations") gives a good idea of her punctilious father, her romance-loving mother (who died young), and her friends, worldly and devout. St. Jerome's Letters (see Prol.), which determined her bent towards Religion, had a lasting influence on her outlook; and when she joined the Carmelites

of the Incarnation at Avila, the nuns' relaxed ways affected the details of her days rather than the main trend of her spirit. The signal graces given her in prayer were for a long while misconstrued by a series of unskilful confessors; and in her two great books of spiritual lore, "The Way of Perfection" and "The Interior Castle," she is urgent with her Religious to seek the advice, and not to shun the friendship, of learned men. Learning comes first in such teachers, she says—then spirituality, then experience. She herself got the greatest help from learned men, even laymen. In 1562 St. Teresa founded her first house of Barefooted Carmelites according to the Primitive Rule of her Order. Other houses followed, as may be read in the "Book of Foundations." A section of Carmelite friars, of whom St. John of the Cross was foremost, followed her Reform, and founded austerer houses for men amid the clamour of their more easy-going brethren. Four years of virulent persecution—which the tactlessness of St. Teresa's least able adviser, Jerome Gratian, did much to foment—ushered in the two years of harassed progress with which the saint's life ended.

The most valiant of women (she prayed that her nuns might be so manly, *varoniles*, that the very men might marvel) and the most active of contemplatives (she had no belief in spiritual favours which did not further great issues), St. Teresa is rather akin to the great women of the Middle Ages than to the more restricted type of the succeeding three hundred years. This can easily be seen by comparing her to two characteristic figures of the centuries before and after her—say, St. Hildegarde of the Rhine and St. Jane Francis de Chantal.

*But we believe Our Lord arose. . . .*

The "Summa," III$^a$, Q. LIII., A. 1 (R) covers these last two verses. The St. Paul citations are from 1 Cor. xv. 14–19; Rom. vi. 1–11, and Rom. iv. 24–25.

## CANTO XLVI. (ST MARK xvi. 10–12; ST. LUKE xxiv. 13–32).

*Only Our Lady waited on,*
*Wise and unwavering.*

"Non ignara mysterii quod genuisset resurrecturum" (St. Ambrose, Lib. de Virg., P.L. xvi., p. 318). The one candle left in Tenebræ is a symbol of this unwavering hope of hers (Lud. Sax., ii., 68, p. 658).

*They loved Him, but their faith was dim . . . see.*

St. Gregory, Hom. XXIII., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1182.

*Such light to longing souls is lent*
*Who in His Holy Sacrament*
*Receive Our Blessed Lord.*

St. Augustine, De Cons. Ev., iii., 25, P.L. xxxiv., p. 1206.

## CANTO XLVII. (ST. MARK xvi. 12–13; ST. LUKE xxiv. 33–43; ST. JOHN xx. 19–29).

*Yet Peter, too, had seen Our Lord. . . .*

1 Cor. xv. 5.

*The apostle lends his voice and limbs . . . mystery.*

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. LXXXVI. in Jo., P.G. xxxii., p. 472. The passage begins: "Si enim per asinam vocem emitti curavit, et per vatem benedictiones spirituales largitus est; si bruti ore et impura Balaami lingua propter improbos Judæos operatus est: multo magis propter vos bene moratos . . .," etc.

*For God let Thomas doubt the truth*
*That we might firmer cleave.*

St. Gregory, Hom. XXVI., P.L. lxxvi., p. 1201: "Plus enim nobis Thomæ infidelitas ad fidem quam fides credentium discipulorum profuit."

*For Christ the King shall keep His wounds. . . .*

The five reasons for this are given from the "Summa," III[a], Q. LIV., A. 4 (R).

*O saving scars, which healed the faith. . . .*

". . . Ubi ad dubitantium corda sananda, vulnerum sunt servata vestigia" (St. Augustine, Tr. CXXI. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1958).

## CANTO XLVIII.

*For, behold, I have made. . . .*

This verse of Jeremias was quoted concerning St. Peter by St. John Chrysostom.

ST. JOHN xxi. 1–19.

*For this fishing, the Fathers say,*
*Has a double meaning. . . .*

The Fathers *passim*, as St. Augustine, Tr. CXXII. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1962.

*This task is Charity's. . . .*

Charity, the consummate love of God, is the main qualification of a bishop ("Summa," II[a], II[ae], Q. CLXXXIV., A. 7, ad 2[m]).

*. . . Look, he did not boast . . . tell.*

St. Augustine, Tr. CXXIV. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1972.

*In Peter's place, on Peter's throne.*

"Factus est autem Cornelius episcopus de Dei et Christi ejus judicio . . . cum Fabriani locus id est cum locus Petri et gradus cathedræ sacerdotalis vacaret" (St. Cyprian, Ep. LV., Von Hartel, p. 630).

*There is no worship but his own,*
*One priesthood and one altar-stone,*
*As says St. Cyprian.*

"Deus unus est et Christus unus et una ecclesia et cathedra una super Petrum Domini voce fundata. Aliud altare constitui aut sacerdotium novum fieri præter unum altare et unum sacerdotium non potest, quisque alibi collegerit spargit. Adulterum est, sacrilegum est quodcumque humano furore instituitur ut dispositio divina violetur" (St. Cyprian, Ep. XLIII., Von Hartel, p. 594).

St. Cyprian of Carthage (? 200–258), a rich and important African lawyer, was converted, when already middle-aged, by an old priest called Cæcilianus. He straightway vowed himself to chastity, sold all his houses and gardens (which, however, his friends bought and gave back to him), and went to live with his unimposing teacher. He had not been a Catholic long when, in 248, he was made Bishop of Carthage "after the Divine judgment, the vote of the people, and the consent of the bishops." His first Christian dialogue, "Ad Donatum," was written soon after, in "exotic and forensic" Latin like that of Apuleius. St. Cyprian's later style is more akin to St. Jerome's.

The year 249 saw Decius's savage effort to restore the old Roman *virtus* by extirpating the unpatriotic Christians. St. Cyprian survived this terror, but only to find himself on the wrong side of a dispute with Pope Stephen over the rebaptizing of people already christened by heretics. The right side, of course, was that of the

Pope and of every other notable mind save Tertullian's. But, then, St. Cyprian read Tertullian every day, and at "Da Magistrum" ("Hand me the master") his secretary knew that Tertullian was wanted. St. Augustine in "De Baptismo" goes over St. Cyprian's letters "quæ in Stephanum irritatus effudit," and hopes they are atoned for by the writer's martyrdom. This took place on August 14, 258. St. Cyprian was beheaded outside the proconsular villa of Sextus in a hollow surrounded by trees, into which many climbed to see the end. The letters in which he bears witness to the authority he once found so irksome are quoted from the last and best text, that of Von Hartel, Vienna, 1868–71.

## CANTO XLIX. (ST. MATTHEW xxviii. 16–20; ST. MARK xvi. 14–20; ST. LUKE xxiv. 44–53; ACTS i. 1–12).

*Three evils keep the world from God . . . own.*

Adam Scotus, De Trip. Gen. Con., P.L. cxcviii., p. 839.

Adam Scotus (or Anglicus), despite four columns of industrious conjecture in the "Dictionary of National Biography," is known for nothing but his good works. He was a Scotch or North-of-England Premonstratensian, and one of the best read mystical writers of his day—the end of the twelfth century. He left many sermons and two treatises, "De Tripartito Tabernaculo" and "De Triplici Genere Contemplationis," and it is said, but doubtfully, that he was Abbot of Whithorn (*Casa Candida*) in Galloway.

*Blithe and obedient were they grown. . . .*

Theophylact, En. in Luc., P.G. cxxiii., p. 1126.

## EPILOGUE.

*Through the dark city gate.*

St. Gregory, Reg. Past. Lib., P.L. lxxvii., p. 98.

*. . . four Jerusalems.*

St. Jerome, ad XV. Ezechial, P.L. xxv. *passim.*

*. . . the Upper Room. . . .*

*Cf.* Theophylact, Canto XXXII.

*Memory, Will, and Understanding.*

It is St. Augustine who distinguishes Memory, Will, and Understanding, in the Soul, and traces their halting likeness, *impar imago*, to the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity (De Trinitate, x., 12., P.L. xlii., p. 982). Strictly speaking, only Understanding and Will are "powers"; Memory is the Treasury of the Understanding ("Summa," $I^a$, Q. LXXIX., A. 7).

*. . . the Five Senses. . . .*

"Summa," $I^a$, Q. LXXVIII., A. 3 (R).

*. . . the Four Passions.*

"Summa," $I^a$, $II^{ae}$, Q. XXV., A. 4 (R).

*For kept in order and below*
*They serve the Mansion well.*

St. Augustine *passim*, esp. De Civ. Dei., xiii., 6 and 9, P.L. xli., and Tr. LX. in Jo., P.L. xxxv., p. 1798. *Cf.* Canto XXXIV.

NOS CUM PROLE PIA ✠ BENEDICAT DOLOROSA VIRGO MARIA.

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